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SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - - **EDITOR**

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MINISTER CRANE'S REAL OFFENSE

READING between the lines, it is evident that Secretary Knox and the recalled minister to China, Mr. Charles R. Crane of Chicago, were not on the best of terms even before the alleged indiscreet utterances attributed to Mr. Crane. Perhaps Mr. Knox had another candidate he favored for the Pekin portfolio, and was miffed because the President tendered it to the Chicago man, who, by the way, is of sterling worth and an independent thinker of high ideals. That he had been following faithfully the suggestions made by Mr. Taft to discuss the Pacific situation freely, both commercially and politically, is evident. The President advised Mr. Crane to accept all available invitations to public meetings and dinners, to insist on speaking and "let them have it red hot."

This course of procedure, it is evident, was not to Secretary Knox' liking. Itching for an opportunity to rebuke Mr. Crane, he found it in the expanded interview printed in a Chicago newspaper, bearing on the new China-Japanese convention, against certain features of which agreements the United States government was preparing to enter a protest. Perhaps Mr. Crane did inadvertently tip off this profound bit of proposed statecraft, but that it was not altogether unforeseen, Mr. Crane indubitably proves by a dispatch he quotes that appeared in the New York Herald of September 9, eighteen days prior to the appearance of the interview that so offended Mr. Knox' sense of the proprieties.

In assuming that the President wished him to discuss "realities and not platitudes," Mr. Crane, who is accustomed to taking a man at his word, did his best to carry out the wishes of the executive, but in so doing it is plain that he incurred the ill-will of the secretary of state. Mr. Crane states that he has been handicapped by the absence of specific instructions from the state department, and of any adequate discussion with its officials as to the policy of the government. Naturally, in carrying out the expressed desires of the President, and with no adverse criticism from Washington, until the summons came on the eve of sailing to report to Mr. Knox, Mr. Crane supposed he was on perfectly safe ground. Mr. Knox, it seems, interposed objections to the President's approval of Minister Crane's reaching

his post by way of Europe, and the Pacific route was taken at his suggestion, Mr. Crane's wish to discuss the change with the President being overruled by the secretary of state.

Here we get a glimpse into the inner workings of Mr. Knox' mind. He seems to resent any interference with his department, even from the President, and Mr. Crane, having taken orders direct, instead of through the secretary, is persona non grata. It is intimated that Mr. Crane's resignation, placed with the President, will be accepted by the latter, in spite of the fact that the recalled minister was following Mr. Taft's personal instructions. If Mr. Taft were Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Knox would be treated to a curt lecture, and the Chicago man sent forward to Pekin. But Mr. Taft is built on different lines. He will yield in this matter, as he yielded to the Aldrich clique on the tariff. Mr. Crane will be the victim, as are the taxpayers of the country, and all because of the presidential lack of backbone.

DUTY OF AN EDITOR PLAINLY DEFINED

WE WOULD commend to the particular attention of Judge Bledsoe of the superior court of San Bernardino county and Judge James of the superior court of Los Angeles county, the opinion of Judge A. B. Anderson of the United States district court of Indiana, in dismissing the proceedings against the proprietor of the Indianapolis News, charged with criminal libel in publishing articles, alleging corruption, in the sale of the Panama canal rights to the United States. It is this portion of this opinion that we desire the two California judges to note. Says Judge Anderson:

I believe the fact that certain persons were called "thieves" and "swindlers" does not constitute libel per se. A newspaper has a certain duty to perform. As a former President had said, "it is the duty of a newspaper to print the news and to tell the truth about it." It is the duty of a newspaper to draw inferences for the people.

We would recall to the minds of the two jurists cited the proceedings begun against the editor of an evening newspaper, several years ago, first for alleged contempt of court, next on the charge of criminal libel. In the pursuit of his duty, the editor had occasion to criticize the extraordinary action of a local jurist, since deceased, who, having allowed a brutal murderer to walk out of court free, or practically so, on probation, called him back, for talking inadvisedly, and sent him up for five years—not for his original crime, but for his foolish speeches. As the trial judge was a candidate before the people for higher judicial honors, his conduct was a fit subject for newspaper criticism, and the editor deemed it his duty to lay the facts before the people. But in telling the truth, the publisher was guilty of a technical error: he commented on the case before the judge had delivered his revised ipse dixit. For this awful breach he was haled into court, lectured by the visiting judge and fined one hundred dollars—for what? Contempt of court!

Unlike Judge Anderson, who rightly holds it to be the duty of a newspaper to "print the news and tell the truth about it—to draw inferences for the people," the San Bernardino jurist considered that a grave breach of decorum had resulted; that the dignity of the court had been trailed in the dust and a crime against the state committed. Fiddle-faddle. There was no malice, the jurist criticized was personally unknown to the editor, who saw only a vicious principle being enunciated, a man notoriously unlearned in the law striving for preferment, who was mentally unfit. The editor indulged in no personalities, called no names, made no mysterious insinuations; he told the truth, as was his duty, and on a technical point was in contempt. The broader, truer, greater grounds of conserving the public welfare by his action was ignored by the visiting judge, and a

fine of one hundred dollars was imposed, with the suggestion that the jurist under criticism pursue the case further with a suit for libel.

This was done, mainly because the editor declined to apologize for his justifiable conduct, and in Judge James' court all the facts in relation to the alleged libel were disclosed, with the entire city cognizant of the impregnable position of the defendant. A professional jury, which did duty in the plaintiff's own court, was treated to a tearful harangue by an attorney, whose main practice was before the plaintiff, and a verdict of \$17,500 was rendered against the editor, who was too poor to appeal the case and get justice. As Judge James did not set aside the verdict on the grounds of its being excessive, presumably he agreed that the newspaper man deserved this rebuke for having criticized a fellow benchman.

We dare affirm that the cause espoused by the Los Angeles editor noted was of far greater moment to the people than that which the Indianapolis editor took up and for which a United States judge has practically patted him on the back. The action of the local judges herein recited proved disastrous to the struggling editor, who finally had to retire from the field, financially ruined, but firmer than ever in his determination to battle for the right. That he was justified in his course toward the aspiring political jurist no one cognizant of the facts doubts.

TAFT REITERATES HIS FALLACY

PRESIDENT TAFT, doubtless carried away with him many pleasant memories of his Los Angeles visit, particularly of the presence of the thousands of tidy, wholesome-looking school children that lined the principal streets to greet the nation's executive. The enthusiasm that was so notable when Theodore Roosevelt visited us was not apparent, but the cheering was fairly boisterous and spontaneous in recognition of the President, clear from the mountains to the sea. If it lacked the tumultuous outpouring evinced for his predecessor, at least, it was hearty. The Pacific coast is far from the seat of government, and the privilege of welcoming the political head of the nation in our midst is an event of a generation.

It was a canny prevision of the committee on arrangements to carry Mr. Taft off to San Pedro and show him the harbor, while he was comparatively fresh. This early duty satisfactorily accomplished, the festivities that followed were all the more enjoyed—business first, pleasure afterward. At the banquet, Monday evening, the local speakers were in their happiest vein, and it is safe to say the President will not forget the wishes of Los Angeles in respect to our harbor needs, so wittily, yet forcefully, were the requirements massed, logically succeeding the visual perspective of the forenoon. This, coming so soon after the visit of the congressional delegation, en route home from Hawaii, cannot fail to aid the efforts of our Pacific coast representatives at Washington at a later date.

Mr. Taft places the completion of the Panama canal as January 1, 1915, or only a little more than five years away. He does not pretend to say how it will affect transcontinental railroad lines, but that it will make a radical change in the character of merchandise carried he believes is certain. The next important change, he correctly argues, that the canal will make is in reference to the trade between the eastern coasts of the United States and the west coast of South America. What that trade shall be will be largely influenced by the question of who controls the merchant marine that crosses the waters of the Pacific. And in regard to this Mr. Taft reiterates his ship subsidy fallacies, first uttered at Seattle. That he is not certain of his ground is evident, for he says:

I do not know if the system of subsidy is to be

the correct way to work out that problem, but I do know it is in accordance with the development of our industry, the protective system. Protective in the sense of controlling foreign barter, and, therefore, the only equivalent we can offer is to pay those of our people who will build and operate our ships, under our men, enough to equal the difference in condition between their running the ship and foreigners running foreign ships and allow them a reasonable profit. I, for one, am in favor of trying that experiment. It is true that we will pay money into the coffers of private corporations, and it is also true that they will have to render us a service for the money which we pay into those coffers. Take our South American trade, where the control of the flag of the ship that carries the trade greatly influences the trade in favor of the country that owns that flag and owns those ships. So, we must not be frightened by a word. We must not be frightened by a shibboleth.

Mr. Taft might have gone further. He might have explained that the protective system which taxes the masses for the benefit of the steel industries, for example—that can get along without the bonus as Messrs. Carnegie and Schwab have testified—and which charge the shipbuilders so much more for materials than the markets of Europe offer that a vessel costing \$2,000,000 on the Clyde to build is raised to \$4,600,000 over here. It is to meet this difference that the ship subsidy is to be added, so as to make the business profitable. What a beautiful system! First tax us to give the profits to the steel manufacturer, who no longer needs the "protection," and then subsidize the marine interests to "make even" for what the initial tax has imposed, and the consumer is to foot the bills. Here is double taxation with a vengeance. The worst of it is it will accomplish nothing vital, except to feed fat the shipping interests at the expense of the masses. No wonder Mr. Taft says he is "not sure" that a subsidy will solve the problem. What a joke that he should ever have been regarded as a sincere tariff revisionist!

HEARST'S NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE

WHAT a pity that Los Angeles cannot attract to its boundaries, as a permanent resident, that unselfish patriot, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, who has just signified his intention of becoming an independent candidate for mayor of New York. If he were with us and of us at this time, for instance, the present four-cornered fight for the mayoralty might be eliminated, as an intimation from Mr. Hearst that he would accept the office, naturally, would cause all other candidates to withdraw from the field.

Whether this will be true of conditions in Gotham we cannot say; it is feared that politics in that wicked burg have not attained the altruistic heights noticeable in Los Angeles. It will be recalled that when Mr. Hearst decided to head his own ticket in 1905 the unpatriotic George B. McClellan continued in his opposition and actually allowed the people to defeat Mr. Hearst's lofty purpose. This time Judge Gaynor is the Tammany candidate, and, because, as Mr. Hearst himself tells us in his own papers, the Tammany ticket is the worst ever nominated in the city of New York, he has accepted the call of the peepul.

We have been greatly edified by reading Mr. Hearst's speech of acceptance. It is so modest, so truly self-sacrificing that it is well calculated to cheer the cockles of the heart and restore one's faith in mankind. He admits that his ticket—with himself doing the Abou Ben Adhem act—"represents at once the soundest and most advanced thought in both the Republican party and the Democratic party," and only by following in his, or the ticket's footsteps, can either of the two leading political parties resume its place as a powerful political and moral force throughout the nation. He assures his constituents that his ticket is a good one, much better than all the Woodruffs and the McCarrens, plus Tammany, could name. He enunciates his beliefs and they are inspiring, ranging from plenty of subways, regardless of cost, to a plethora of schools and playgrounds, a transmogrification of Blackwell's Island from a penal site to an open-air pleasure resort, in the initiative, referendum and the recall, in direct nomination of United States senators, in personal liberty, and in pure election laws. Finally, he reminds his adoring followers gathered in Carnegie Hall, that, having made actual sacrifices to meet their demands, they in turn must

labor conscientiously to elect the ticket.

Well, and if they are successful, what then? Can we forget that this same modest reformer was elected to the Fifty-eighth congress from the Eleventh New York district, as a Democrat, and in the entire two sessions was present at roll call three times, yet drew his salary for the services he never performed with unblushing regularity. As a reformer with a name beginning with a capital "H," and in black letters, William Randolph Hearst is a screamer, but as a performer, our extremely modest colleague, we fear, is in the "also ran" ranks, to quote from the classic columns of his sporting page. Let us hope this decision of Mr. Hearst to save New York City will not deprive us of the presence of his former political manager, the Hon. Max Ihmsen, now grand mogul of the local forces of the esteemed Examiner and author of that "Round-the-Whirled" farce recently enacted amid the groans of a disturbed community.

DR. LOCKE'S UNWARRANTED LANGUAGE

IN HIS conference sermon, delivered at the First Methodist Episcopal church of San Diego, two weeks ago, Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Locke, of the First M. E. church of this city, alluded to Mrs. Katherine Tingley, head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, with international headquarters at Point Loma, as "the high priestess of preposterous frauds." In the absence of Dr. Locke, his colleague, Dr. Guild, averred, when exception was taken by Mrs. Tingley's attorney to this utterance, that not "preposterous frauds" but "preposterous nonsense" was the term used, and that he read from manuscript. The reporter for the San Diego Union, who covered the church assignment, is positive that Dr. Locke did not read his sermon, and that he actually used the odious phrase attributed to him.

It is too bad Dr. Locke has made no attempt to explain what he meant by his attack on Mrs. Tingley, and this serious reflection on her work. Perhaps the reverend gentleman fancies that a pulpit utterance is sacred, but so, also, is a woman's reputation, and they who have had occasion to investigate the cause of theosophy, as expounded by Mrs. Tingley, know beyond cavil that Dr. Locke has grievously wronged one who, as a teacher and helper of humanity, needs no defense. The practical work of theosophy begun at Point Loma is in itself a sufficient refutation of Dr. Locke's astonishing and unwarrantable statement. The Raja Yoga schools near San Diego, in Cuba and elsewhere, hold enviable records for the upbuilding of child-character on the highest lines, and their care of children, physically, mentally and morally, are matters of public knowledge. If Dr. Locke had investigated this splendid work carried on by direction of Mrs. Tingley, as founder and president of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, he could not have so traduced her without being guilty himself of the gravest breach of conduct. As it is, he has committed a serious mistake, and he should lose no time in making the amende honorable.

Let the eloquent Methodist divine procure a copy of the October number of the Metropolitan Magazine and read the informing and highly interesting article on "Learning in Loma Land," contributed by Mrs. Katherine Tingley, if he would know the truth regarding the aims and practical work of theosophy as carried on at Point Loma, where the basis of education is the essential divinity of man and the necessity for transmuting everything within his nature which is not divine. In the language of Mrs. Tingley:

To do this, no part can be neglected, and the physical nature must share to the full in the care and attention which are required. Neither can the most assiduous training of the intellect be passed over; it must be made subservient, however, to the forces of the heart. The intellect must be the servant, not the master, if order and equilibrium are to be attained and maintained. In such a system as this, it is necessary that all service be voluntary, and therefore no salaries whatever are paid.

At Point Loma all are students, and every hour of the day, every activity of body or mind is part of the educational process. It consists of the regulation of the whole life upon the highest ideal, which must alike govern the most hidden

thought as effectually as it does the mutual relationship of the students. In this effort to develop a higher type of manhood and womanhood by wise teaching, by training, self-reliance, concentration and a recognition of the divine power within the children are not neglected. In fact, Mrs. Tingley points out—

The real secret of the Raja Yoga system is rather to evolve the child's character than to overtax the child's mind; it is to bring out rather than to bring to the faculties of the child. The grander part is from within. The teacher who has the highest success in this work is the one who has conscientiously ingrained into her mind and heart the doctrine of theosophy. One undertaking to apply the Raja Yoga system without understanding theosophy and living the unselfish life would meet with failure.

This leads up to the question: "What is this theosophy which is calculated to render such high service to humanity?" Helena Petrovna Blavatsky defined real theosophy as altruism, brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to truth; in these alone and never in wealth, possession or any selfish gratification can true happiness be found, she taught her pupils. Mrs. Tingley interprets theosophy as teaching the necessity of a truer understanding and a closer relationship between parents and children, and calls upon parents to realize more fully the sacredness of their responsibility. The children at the Raja Yoga schools are not only shown the beauty of self-help, but they are afforded glimpses of their own natures, and at a very early age are taught to discriminate between the higher and lower, between the real and unreal.

As students of contemporaneous history know, at the time of the Spanish-American War, Mrs. Tingley organized a war relief corps and established an emergency hospital at Montauk, Long Island, where thousands of sick and disabled soldiers of the American army, returning from the campaign in Cuba, were given the best possible attention under the auspices of the International Brotherhood League. Later, more than three score Cuban children, sufferers from the war, were brought to Point Loma and given a free education. Now there are several Raja Yoga schools conducted in Cuba at different points. So much for the practical workings of that school of theosophy so admirably taught by Mrs. Tingley. Is there anything in this to warrant the charge of Rev. Dr. Charles Edward Locke that the leader of this movement is the "high priestess of preposterous frauds?" The Holy Book resting on the pulpit of the First Methodist Episcopal church says "The tree is known by its fruit." By her work, then, must Mrs. Tingley be judged, not by the idle gossip of the ignorant or the prejudiced, who, knowing nothing of theosophy, attribute to it the worst teachings their ignorant minds can conceive. Surely Dr. Locke does not wish to be included in this pernicious category!

PEARY'S "EVIDENCE" NOT CONVINCING

SO! Commander Peary's "indisputable" and "authoritative" evidence that Dr. Cook did not reach the north pole is based on the alleged statements of two Eskimo boys, one of eighteen, the other nineteen years of age, who are said to have accompanied Cook when he "started" for the pole. One of these highly intelligent, semi-scientific natives of immature age, when shown a chart of the polar regions and asked to tell where he had gone with Dr. Cook, unhesitatingly "pointed with his finger on the map, but not making any marks on it." Evidently, his hands had been washed in preparation.

Marvelous! Convincing! Furthermore, Panikpah—or is it Pankypoo?—father of one of these remarkable lads, verifies his son's statement and agreed to everything suggested by the hypnotic Mr. Peary, as also did the two boys. Of course. It is the testimony of Dr. Kane, Captain Hall, Captain Ross and Captain Parry that the good-natured Eskimos, in their desire to please the white man, will assent to anything he wants. Here are two youngsters, the older not yet twenty, quoted as controverting the oft-repeated declaration of an American explorer, to discredit whom is to accuse him of being the most colossal liar of the age.

We refuse to convict him on such evidence. We decline to accept the alleged denials of

I-Took-a-Shoo, aged eighteen, and Ah-Pe-Lah, one year his senior, as against the affirmative statement of Dr. Cook. We prefer to await the decision of the Copenhagen scientists, to whom is to be submitted all the evidence in the case. Their ipse dixit will be much more satisfactory to the civilized world than this extraordinary compilation of Eskimo testimony adduced by Peary in support of his accusations. Dr. Cook refuses to be ruffled, even, by the published charges. His answer that Rasmussen, the noted explorer, who knows the Eskimos intimately and speaks their language, will be here soon to tell the real story, is a calm reassurance of the strength of his position. Commander Peary will have to try another tack:

The world is getting weary of the complaints of Mr. Peary—

Who cares a d— where Panikpah in northland cached a seal?

In time, who knows, of Peary and his claims we may grow leery,

If he doesn't try to give us facts and less that sounds unreal.

GRAPHITES

Not the famous six hundred of the Light Brigade, who made the historic charge at Balaklava, were more stormed at with shot and shell than has been Dr. F. A. Cook since he announced his discovery of the pole. Only the attacks upon him have been verbally and to the intended injury of his reputation for veracity. The latest onslaught is in the form of an affidavit made by the guide who accompanied Cook in his ascent of Mt. McKinley. He asserts, on oath, that the doctor's nearest point to the summit reached was fourteen miles away from the top, and he is positive the explorer never went beyond that mark. With minute details he tells of the ascent; declares fake photographs of the summit appear in Dr. Cook's book, and that he has made numerous false statements in his story, entitled "To the Top of the Continent." When asked to explain this charge, Dr. Cook intimated that money had been paid the guide to give a biased report of the ascent. He stated emphatically that the accusations made are untrue and unhesitatingly declared that he reached the summit of Mt. McKinley as claimed. He asserts that his records are deposited at the top of the mountain, and that if an expedition of experienced engineers will follow the route he took, they will surely find the evidence he left of his visit. It looks as if that were the only possible way to prove his position beyond cavil. Dr. Cook should insist on leading the expedition himself, taking along men not overfriendly to his cause, so that no shadow of suspicion may attach to the official report.

We acknowledge the receipt of a stunning, embossed invitation, in colors, from the Portola Festival committee to attend the festival to be held in San Francisco from October 19 to October 23, in commemoration of the discovery of the bay of San Francisco by Don Gaspar de Portola, and of the rehabilitation of the city. In honor of the latter we hope to make prompt personal response, but we cannot subscribe to the Portola nonsense. Don Gaspar was not the discoverer of the bay, nor is he entitled to any honors as a pioneer, since but for Father Junipero Serra's persistence and devoted faith the military governor would have deserted California and left the missions to their fate. San Francisco, however, is entitled to all honor for evincing that courage and persistence and faith so characteristic of Father Junipero, and because of this, as exemplified in the rebuilding of the city, she deserves the highest encomiums and the largest attendance at her festivities next week. Tuesday, at high noon, a toast to San Francisco is to be drunk all over the civilized world, and we in Los Angeles and Southern California will not fail to respond. President Taft has given the sentiment. It is as follows:

Since Portola looked through the Golden Gate on the descending sun, San Francisco has twice become the Imperial City of the Pacific; first by the energy of a pioneer race and steady growth into the western metropolis; second, after a complete destruction by the greedy flames and in the face of insurmountable obstacles by a regeneration so rapid and complete as to be the wonder of the world. May her future growth be as remarkable as her past and may her civic righteousness and the individual happiness of her citizens keep pace with it.

Imperial City or not, we will quaff the toast standing, and echo the wish uttered by the President that San Francisco's future growth may be as remarkable as her past, and that "her civic

righteousness and the individual happiness of her citizens may keep pace with it."

MAKING THE PRESIDENT A CIRCUS

MR. TAFT, Captain Butt and the remainder of the presidential suite, including the correspondents and the secret service men, relaxed and recreated in the Yosemite. And they needed it. No doubt, as they journeyed down to the land of flowers and fruit and sunshine, they felt refreshed. And, of course, Los Angeles, which does nothing by halves, received the President with as generous and delightful smiles as those of which Mr. Taft is such a pastmaster. But may it not occur to some of us that we are cheapening instead of glorifying the highest office in the land by forcing its incumbent to trot around to make a holiday for the multitude. The office, of course, belongs to us all, but surely the man needs some consideration, whatever his endurance and grace.

While we are considering this popular and free show, which without disrespect we may call the presidential circus, is it not timely that we ruminate on the motives which impel us, sober men, weary women and fretful children, to crowd each other off the sidewalk, to fume and sweat, neglect the day's work, sacrifice our habits and endure discomfort, to see the President? I presume the main motive must be acknowledged to be curiosity. To which must be added a certain amount of personal pride, especially if we have been extravagant enough to pay the price of twenty-five dinners in order to put our feet under the mahogany with the President. There are those among us who would pay several times that sum if able to say, "Oh, yes, Mr. Taft wrung" (or is it wrang) "my hand very cordially. Curiously enough, he remembered me perfectly, and said, 'Delighted to see you again Mr. Snooks. Let me see, I haven't seen you since I sailed for the Philippines. And how is Mrs. Snooks? Any more little Snookses?'" And the proud Mr. Snooks rechristens the last born and calls him William Taft Snooks.

* * *

But is it humane, decent or wise that we should insist on the President of the United States submitting to this sort of thing? Most assuredly the task that Mr. Taft has been enduring for the last six weeks or so is almost superhuman. I saw him last week, after he had been going hard for eight hours in Berkeley, Oakland and San Francisco. Every hour he had made as many addresses, had talked to ten thousand people, and his day was only half done. He had met, personally, three score leading citizens, and there yet lay before him two receptions and a banquet and three more speeches. Besides, he was scheduled to receive a number of army officers, who had bought new uniforms and a plethora of gold lace for the occasion. Many of them had special civil assignments and so for a time had neglected their full dress—until the President came along. By the way, this scheduled reception did not come off. The colonels, majors and surgeons made the already brilliant rotunda of the St. Francis Hotel glitter and echo with clank of spur and sword. But, whist! Mr. Taft at last had given up and was heavy in the arms of Morpheus. And Captain Butt, military aide, well-named and stalwart, refused to disturb the President. So the military men retreated to the more hospitable club rooms and christened their new gold lace. Doesn't this all sound rather absurd in this unostentatious republic with the sacred traditions of simplicity of Mr. Lincoln to protect us?

* * *

Mr. Taft himself, doubtless, is of just as modest mien and simple habit as Mr. Lincoln. Nobody who is acquainted with him, who knows his devotion to duty and hard work and his gentle, kindly ways, can fancy he has any stomach for the pomp and vanities which are forced upon him throughout the presidential circus. We know that it is essential he submit to a somewhat strict diet of plain, wholesome and non-fattening food. And we thrust upon him all manner of indigestible rich chef d'oeuvres from the fertile factory of the cordon bleu. Months of painstaking and painful reducing of the too solid flesh, which Mr. Taft fears and hates, because it interferes with his mobility on the links and other activities, go for naught. The only physical exercise allowed him is that of shaking hands, which is exhausting and not exhilarating. But aside from the fact that we are imposing a barbarous burden upon the broad shoulders of an exceedingly amiable gentleman, the more important question remains: Are we being true to the highest and best traditions of our democracy by thus encouraging?

In the natural course of events, in the older

world, where pomp, pageant and ceremonial are designed to impress the populace with reverence for the crown, to induce proper humility and generate loyalty, emperors and queens, crown princes and grand dukes are paraded before the public view. Quite frankly, since the days of Caesar Augustus—and before—the periodical display of regal splendor and imperial power has been deemed expedient. It is the privilege of the subject to gaze upon royalty. Even "a cat may look at a king." But in a pure republic, in a simple democracy, it is difficult to ignore the element of snobbish imitateness when Americans—every man of them a sovereign in his own right—are so eager to make a circus and a holiday out of the presidential office and the fellow citizen who holds it. Mr. Taft is no figurehead. It is true and it is strange that the President of the United States in the twentieth century wields a greater individual power than any European sovereign. But that is another story. Meanwhile, the true lover of democracy and the zealous student of the pure republic must frown upon any tendency to exalt the man and to degrade the office. And when we consider the human tendency in the purest republic to run after false idols and to lean toward dependency on autocracy, the protestant need not be considered captious.

* * *

Meanwhile, Mr. Taft may be wasting time as well as energy. The President of the United States has more important and immediate duties than to be on parade, making pleasant speeches and bowing and smiling to the multitude. Even good Queen Victoria was compelled, occasionally, to resort to a ruse in order to appease the popular appetite "to see the queen." A little, old lady, it is said, resembling her majesty, was dressed up to simulate Victoria, and frequently occupied the bowing seat in the royal barouche, while nobody save John Brown and the equerries could tell the difference.

It is essential, of course, that the President should be familiar with the principal corners of the country, that he should come into contact with the representative and wise men of the west as well as of the east, and, indeed, that he should be particularly well informed, just now, concerning conditions on the Pacific coast. But it is neither humane nor is it dignified to make the President a talking machine and a spectacle combined. This "swinging around the circle," as a matter of strict truth, is due to political exigency. I would not go so far as to say that Mr. Taft would not have taken this perilous and exacting journey if he were not, almost certainly, to be a candidate for re-election. The trouble was started by William Jennings Bryan in the campaign of 1896. He "swung around the circle" with such magnetic effect that had it not been for Hanna and his endless chain among the railroad employees, two weeks before the election, William McKinley might have stayed on his porch at Canton, Ohio. We are told that it is necessary for Mr. Taft to get acquainted with the west. Mr. Taft already knew the west, its needs and its leaders, better than many of us who live therein.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, October 13.

San Diego Steals Our Thunder

It really is beginning to look as if San Diego may get away with the proposed international exposition in 1915, to commemorate the completion of the Panama canal. While Los Angeles has been talking of doing something along this particular line, the southern city has been up and at it. Unless I am mistaken, Senator Flint at one time introduced a bill in congress, for a proposed world's fair here to celebrate, jointly, the opening of the canal to commerce and the turning of water into the Owens river aqueduct. Instead of following it up, as I repeatedly urged, the city remained apathetic; now it is too late. Recently, D. C. Collier, a well-known citizen of San Diego, went to Seattle to learn how expositions are managed and, incidentally, to secure for the proposed San Diego fair the endorsement of President Taft. From a letter I have been permitted to see, it is learned that Collier's visit was successful in both of the instances noted. He saw the President, who promised that in the event an exposition is held in San Diego, in 1915, that he, Mr. Taft, will certainly attend the show, although at the time he may not be an occupant of the White House. That is taken to mean that Mr. Taft will do what he can to secure for the hustling San Diegans the proper fair appropriations at the psychological time. San Diego has had the good judgment to secure as publicity promoter for the proposed exposition, a former Los Angeles newspaper man, in the person of Robert E. Connelly, who, until recently, was an Associated Press man.

LESSONS OF HUDSON-FULTON FETE

NEW YORK is approaching its normal state of turmoil after the exciting upheaval of last week, and everybody is glad of it. The million visitors have returned to their homes, the daytime decorations have reached the tawdry condition of the morning after, and the general state of mind is that of the old Dutchman, who, after fighting his way through the subway rush, finally found himself, about two o'clock in the morning, on his Hoboken train. "I haf seen enough of this Hudson-foolish celebration," he exclaimed, and a woman nearby replied, "I wish that that Robert Hudson hadn't never invented the steamboat." Eight days of sights and sounds, even though days of so-called rest were sandwiched in between, have reduced nearly everybody to a state of pulp—and the election is coming. Yet, tired as we are and commercial as we know the interest to be which planned and carried through the enterprise, most of us are satisfied with the result. The few who could not stand the hoi polloi betook themselves to the country for the week, and revelled in the illumination which nature has scheduled for her fair afternoons. Though, as these scoffers point out, it would be well to have a lasting memorial, a permanent thing of beauty, to show for the million dollars or more spent in providing a fleeting pleasure, yet whom would we have been willing to trust as judge to set the standard of beauty? Viewed commercially, the celebration was a success; thirty millions were brought into New York, and the merchants who shared the gain should be satisfied with the return on their investment. They who are not quite satisfied with the artistic achievement should remember that through commerce the world is advancing, that scientific, artistic and other interests are made tributary to its success, and that a big exhibition which can reach and amuse millions of people is sometimes more profitable, educationally, as well as financially, than a recherche objet d'art that can be appreciated only by the few.

* * *

Many an object lesson of beauty and ugliness was provided by the decorations, yet, without doubt, the mistakes that were made will be repeated on the next occasion. The daylight decorations were as disappointing as the lighting was magnificent. There was a surprising lack of initiative in the unvaried use of the flag and the yellow, blue and white colors of the commission. There is an effective and an ineffective way of using these limited materials, however, and one idea that the mass of people is slow to grasp is that the simpler a thing is, the more likelihood of its being beautiful. The effort to secure elaborate effects out of unsuitable materials, coupled with an ignorance of form and color combinations, produced an unconscionable amount of ugliness. Flying flags are beautiful, for the wind continually sways them into ever-changing lines of beauty, but when the flags are mussed up and plastered on a flat surface an ugly result is inevitable, unless in obscuring the familiar design a new form of mass, color and design is produced. Half rosettes, covering the face of the building with an unvaried pattern and unvaried shape and size, seemed most in favor, but here and there were beautiful designs of red, white and blue, here and there the familiar flag was allowed to float in the breeze, and here and there it hung in company with those of other nations, making an exquisite, restful bit of color.

* * *

In the lighting something of the same sort was true. Probably no city has ever been so wonderfully illuminated, but isolated places used their lights so that they stood out restfully in the general brilliance. Most of the buildings were outlined with fairly high-power lights, placed closed together. The effect was dazzling, but the beauty of architecture was obscured, except when the lights were seen from a distance, and the general outline happened to be good, for there were dark spaces that the eye could not fill. The Hotel Netherland, outlined in this way, seemed quite inadequately lighted. One could not see the building for the electric bulbs, and though there were rows and rows of them, the hotel itself was so obscured that it did not form even a good background. Across the way, the Hotel Plaza was like a fairy palace. The entire face of the building was covered with strips of lights of apparently low power and comparatively far apart. At the top of each row were exquisite designs in red, white and blue of the Plaza seal, alternating with the familiar H.-F. in a half moon. The building itself was illuminated, every line of it showed, and the eye rested upon it with delight. It would be an excellent thing if architects were asked to supply with their buildings suitable de-

signs for decoration that could always be followed. It would be a matter of a few minutes to make the sketch, but it would add immeasurably to the building on festive occasions.

* * *

Greater crowds gathered to see the land parades than were present on the water front to see the ships. The line of march from One Hundred and Tenth street, down Central Park, west to Fifty-ninth street, across Fifty-ninth to Fifth Avenue, and down Fifth avenue to Washington Square, was flanked by a swarming mass of people, most of whom paid from one to ten dollars for a seat from which the parade was more or less invisible. In preparing for the historical pageant, about \$300,000 was spent, and more than three hundred artists, sculptors, papier mache workers and carpenters were employed to make the fifty-four floats. These were manned by 20,000 men and children in costume. The floats were supposed to show the history of New York from the early Indian days to the present time, and, doubtless, they would have done it had rain not threatened. As a result, they were huddled away in side streets, and when the time came for the start, everything was hopelessly mixed; those in charge, however, thought the public would rather forego historical sequence than wait two hours for the floats to be straightened out. As each one was preceded by a herald, there was no difficulty in knowing what it represented, but the accurate were somewhat disconcerted by seeing Washington take the oath of office before the Half Moon had reached the country. The Hiawatha car was manned by full-blooded Iroquois Indians, brought down from the reservation for the purpose. There were three miles of the parade, and it took two hours and five minutes to pass the Court of Honor. It was not different from the same sort of thing seen so many times in other parts of the country, but it was certainly on a larger scale.

* * *

The military parade was magnificent in point of numbers; 25,000 soldiers and sailors took part, dressed in the uniforms of a dozen different nations. It is the first time for many years that a column of British soldiers has paraded the streets of the United States, and their presence in line called forth a rousing demonstration from the crowd, which rose to its feet as the red jackets came into view. It is a pity that in the face of this compliment adverse comment should have arisen regarding the absence of British flags, which it seems were not obtainable in great numbers, and regarding the unfortunate float which represented the pulling down of the statue of King George. The most successful of the land pageants was the carnival parade prepared by the commission with the aid of the German, Austrian and Swiss societies. Part of its success was due to the fact that it took place at night, when the artificial lighting obscured the tawdry and added a glamor of suggested beauty. The bureau of combustibles would not consent to the use of the gasoline torches that had been prepared, and it was not brilliant as it would otherwise have been.

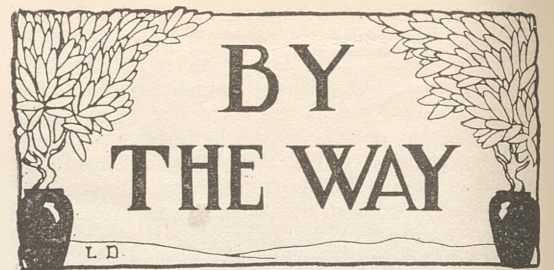
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Music, literature and art were celebrated in the floats. Everything that could be made into a spectacle was drawn upon, from the German operas and purely mythological tales to the imaginative representations of symbolic figures. Uncle Sam was there, Peace, the Queen of Sheba, the Lorelei, Beethoven and the Muses. Possibly, the most beautiful float was designed to glorify color. About an enormous artist's palette, ready for the master's use, were grouped seated figures, waiting to be infused with life. The celebration came to an end Saturday night, when, from one standpoint, the most picturesque event of all took place. In the midst of an illuminated harbor, public and private displays of fireworks and a series of beacon lights were started, which extended from the mouth of the Hudson to its source. The chain of lights began at Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth, were taken up by Governor's Island, and the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe Island. The official light at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street was made of twenty searchlights of one million candle-power, and extended straight up into the air as a single beam of white light that could be seen for twenty-five or thirty miles in every direction. The fires were built on the stone piers and were made of cone-shaped blocks of compressed peat, that burned for hours without smoke or sparks.

New York is a bit draggled, but she will recover. Riverside drive looks as if it had been trampled by a herd of cattle, but in the spring the grass will grow again, and gradually the ravages will disappear. But long before that this restless mass of humanity will be looking for a new form of excitement.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, October 11.



Everything Cold But the Ice Cream

That dinner to President Taft, tendered by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, was a notable function, if not a notable gastronomical feast. As a matter of fact, everything was cold but the ice cream, and the service was intolerably slow, but, fortunately, the banquet was not attended for the viands offered. I am told that Christopher complains he lost about a thousand dollars of silverware, presumably carried off as souvenirs, but I suspect the purloiners were merely striving to get even with the caterer.

Pitiful Reminder of Recent Unpleasantness

Senator Flint must have been highly gratified at the reception he was accorded, amounting almost to an ovation. Governor Gillett also came in for generous cheering. It was a pitiful spectacle to see General Otis paraded before the President in full view of the assemblage; so many harsh words have been directed toward the owner of the Times of late for his display of venom in regard to the school bonds that he was hardly persona grata at the dinner. If he had had his way, the head of the nation could not have been asked to turn the spade at the Polytechnic high school exercises.

Joe Scott's Oratorical Effort

In this connection the laudatory reference to the Times and its responsible editor, made by Joe Scott in his otherwise excellent speech, must have caused an inward revulsion, in view of recent events. I hear that it was made at the general's special request, and the good-natured president of the school board acquiesced. It was an extraordinary concession. Joe's speech was a masterly effort, and delighted all present, despite the fact that it was of forty-five minutes' duration and immediately preceded the President's talk, for which all were waiting. I wonder if it is true that the brilliant Joseph is to be the next member of the state board of equalization? A persistent rumor reaches me to that effect. As it pays \$5,000 and need not interfere with Col. Scott's law practice, it ought to be a most acceptable plum.

Taft Not an Orator

Before the President arrived in Los Angeles he was greeted in the Yosemite by Senator Flint, under whose immediate guidance he journeyed southward. Members of the local reception committee who are not allied with the regular Republican organization, must have noted the senator's footing when they sought admission to the big presence, just before the presidential train entered Arcade station. Mr. Taft is anything but an orator, although his voice is pleasant and far-reaching without much effort, but his perennial smile and infectious good humor are proverbial. Like all similar affairs, the oratory at the Taft function was of a mixed standard. Senator Flint surprised many by his easy flow of words, and, at times, really graceful periods. As a public speaker "Our Frank" has made great strides since he first entered the upper house of congress. Toastmaster Stewart was at a disadvantage in reading his speech; I have seen him convulse his fellow-Sunsetters by his witty extempore remarks in times past. All in all—bar the dinner itself—the Chamber of Commerce has good reason to be proud of the Monday night function at Shrine Auditorium.

Clung to Their Twenty-five Bones

All of the aspirants for mayor were in attendance at the Taft banquet, with not a few of those who draw large public salaries being conspicuous by their absence. I call attention to this because the committee in charge had to work hard in order that the affair should not prove a frost, numerically. Twenty-five dollars is a large sum to yield for a cold feast, even if among those present is the executive head of the greatest nation on earth, as Toastmaster George Stewart grandiloquently observed more than once at Shrine Auditorium Monday night. I am told that the committee held positive convictions that, even with the admission as high as it was, those

partaking of provender at the public crib could well afford to lay this contribution upon the altar of civic duty.

Address to Taft That Miscarried

One of my lawyer friends, who is too modest to allow his name to be used, so I shall designate him as "Argol," because he sheds light on a large subject, is the author of the following address which he had intended to deliver at the banquet given to President Taft by the citizens of Los Angeles last Monday evening. Owing to a previous engagement, however, he was unfortunately prevented from being present. This is the greeting:

Man of the large, expansive smile,
The bouncing air of camaraderie;
The brave proportions that beguile
Cartoonists, wags and minor bardery;
Of frowning potentates the peer,
Of Uncle Sam the pride, the treasure:
William, extend a private ear
To my exhortatory measure.

Our bunting to the winds is freed,
And hark! the pregustative clatter
Of pregnant patriots sworn to feed
At five and twenty bones the platter.
Our thousands clog the sounding street,
Our infant cohorts (pretty blossoms)
March in a blithe array to meet
The People's Pride, the Prince of Possums.

Down yonder, where the ocean laves
Sands sparsely sown with hut and rare house,
Where Phineas Banning's private waves
Obscure the sites of wharf and warehouse,
There you observed with prescient eye
The bustling quays, the fairway humming,
And half the argosies that ply,
Not actually there, but coming.

Stung by a steady blast of fish,
You spread a mild, prophetic pinion;
Pledged to fulfill our dearest wish
You touched on maritime dominion.
You saw the teeming marts deployed
On mud that now unmarred and mute is;
Ship subsidies should fill the void
Engendered by enormous duties.

Later, you left the loud ozone
And found us waiting to receive ye;
Bands lent the scene a giddy tone,
And so did brother Alfred Levy.
And lo! the people cheered like mad
As you defined with ready trowel
The schools we never should have had
If Randolph hadn't raised a howl.

Now poised above the actual fare,
We lean with large Tiberian boredom;
Trifling with dainties, rich and rare,
And pitying those that can't afford 'em.
Our veins are warmed with heady wine,
Soft music lulls the waiters' clatter:
O, trebly blest is he who dines
At five and twenty bones the platter.

Who as he sits and sucks his smooth
Lafitte, and plies his ready knife'll
Eat calmly on while Willis Booth
Gets off a light, impromptu trifle.
At last you rise: our torpid ears
Attentive stand, our lungs are looser;
We welcome you with rousing cheers;
The rest, I think, is up to you, sir.

Dr. Cook to Rest Here

As I stated in this column several weeks ago, Dr. Cook, Arctic explorer, has determined to take a rest in Southern California for a time, coming here in the near future for that purpose. According to trustworthy advices, the original discoverer of the pole will come first to Los Angeles, and after remaining here for a few days, will visit Riverside and Redlands, going later to San Diego and to Imperial. He will be accompanied by his wife, and while here may be induced to lecture.

Charley Elder and His Taftian Whiskers

Charles A. Elder, president of the Globe Savings Bank and of the Los Angeles Investment Company, was the subject of a good deal of "joshing" by his fellow delegates at the meeting of the Bankers' Association in Chicago recently, due to an incident that occurred when President Taft was in that city. The Los Angeles bankers had apartments in the Auditorium annex, immediately over those occupied by the President. One afternoon, Mr. Elder, returning from an automobile trip with relatives, turned into Michigan avenue, not noticing that the street was lined with policemen. Stopping at the entrance to the hotel, he ran into more policemen. Catching on to the fact that his chauffeur had "bumped in," he jokingly asked a police captain, "Is this all in my honor?" and was assured it was, but the captain also added, "You might move on now, as the President is just behind you." Passing into the

elevator, again he preceded the President, but just before the latter arrived, a young woman, who caught sight of the classic features of the bachelor Los Angeleno, exclaimed, "There he is—there he is!" Whereupon her companion remarked in a voice not to be missed by the bystanders, "But I didn't know that Taft had grown whiskers!" and thereafter the Los Angeles delegation never ceased to twit their companion about his Taftian tufts.

Justice Beatty and the Shell Game

At the Philosophers' table at the club, Wednesday, Chief Justice Beatty, between dishes, fell into a reminiscent mood, to the delight of those of us within hearing distance. An experience he had in San Diego, in the late eighties, caused a dry chuckle to escape him. He and Justice Temple had strolled over to the beach, where a chevalier d'industrie, an attache of a circus then in town, had set up his shell game. He appeared greatly chagrined when Justice Temple, responding to an invitation, located the pea without hesitancy, and when Justice Beatty, with equal celerity, located the object, his mortification was extreme. "I wouldn't have believed it possible," he murmured, as two flashily-dressed strangers drew nigh and began to express their contempt of the chevalier's skill. "To cut matters short," observed Justice Beatty, dryly, "I asked how much we could call it for in earnest. He allowed we might gamble ten or twenty dollars a guess, and challenged a trial. I said, 'Do we really look so green as all that? Why, I've played that game clear to the Rio Grande and in every southern state before the war.' I piled on all the contemptuous phrases at my command and presently the chevalier gathered up his paraphernalia, looked sorrowfully at the two cappers and began sneaking it over to the circus tents, followed by his disappointed accomplices."

Dr. Ferbert's Skin Grafting Case

One of Dr. John C. Ferbert's intimate friends is telling a good story on that accomplished practitioner. It seems he had a young patient suffering from severe burns requiring skin grafting of an extensive nature. The relatives and near friends of the injured lad having sacrificed all they could spare, the boy's father, after consulting with Dr. Ferbert, decided to advertise for contributions of healthy cuticle, to the owners of which liberal compensation would be paid. Unknown to the doctor, his consultation rooms were given as the place of communication. Monday morning, when he reached his offices, the second floor of the Bradbury building was lined with men and women of all degrees and ages. He elbowed his way through and inquired of his secretary the cause of the disturbance. She broke the news as gently as she could. Dr. Ferbert is a modest man, amounting to diffidence, and he was appalled at the prospect. But he went to the task, and engaged a number of likely applicants. One woman tearfully said she had had a little son burned years before and was anxious to show her gratitude in turn, friends having contributed their skin freely to effect a cure. The telephone bell rang upward of two hundred times that day, and letters poured in for a week. But the lad was successfully treated and the new skin is growing beautifully, as the medical student, who told me the story, enthusiastically expressed it.

Milk in the Public Utilities Cocoon

According to startling head lines in the Express, "People Are For the League Utility Bill." The particular league referred to is the organization which at this time appears to be potent in municipal affairs and is controlled largely by the Express' millionaire owner, if general rumor on the subject is to be credited. The utility bill is the act before the city council, aimed to control the regulation of the several public service corporations in the city, as distinguished from the measure covering the same subject introduced by Councilman Dromgold. As heretofore explained in The Graphic, the difference between the two proposed municipal laws is that the league measure aims to place the appointment of the regulators in the hands of the mayor, while the Dromgold ordinance relegates that power to the city council. Considering that the owner of The Express is heavily interested in stocks and other securities of certain public utility corporations, whose affairs are to be subject to regulation under the new conditions it is sought to establish, it is only natural that he should prefer to see his investments bossed by friendly rather than unfriendly commissioners, and quite, of course, he would much rather that the appointments are entrusted to a mayor who sneezes every time the millionaire newspaper owner whips out his pocket

handkerchief. That, really, is all there is to the controversy as to whether or not the city council shall say who is or is not to regulate the public service corporations.

Dr. Lindley or Will Stephens

I wonder if it is really true that among those who are to guide the proposed new public utilities commission toward a safe and sane conduct is to be Dr. Walter Lindley? It is gossip in certain circles that when the new board is named, the accomplished manager of the California Hospital is to head the list of appointees. Providing, of course, that the Dromgold ordinance is adopted by the city council. In the event the Municipal League, or Alexander ordinance, covering the same subject, is approved, the principal member of the new board will be W. D. Stephens, with S. A. Butler, now traveling abroad, another member. In either event—Dromgold or Alexander—the public is destined to be well served.

Equitable Savings Bank's Able Directorate

With W. F. Washburn having been induced to enter the councilmanic race, J. O. Koepfli on the firing line of the enthusiastic army following the flag of the Municipal League in the coming city campaign, Willis H. Booth active in good government work, M. H. Newmark serving as campaign manager for Candidate Mushet, Joseph Scott leading the non-partisan board of education ticket, and Frank P. Flint a United States senator, the board of directors of the Equitable Savings Bank certainly represents more shades of political sentiment at this time than can be found in any other similar institution in Los Angeles. It is a remarkable commentary that in no issue affecting the community where courage and self-sacrifice are necessary, have any of the able men mentioned ever sought to evade responsibility.

Political Pot Begins to Boil

It required a heap of persuasion on the part of the friends of good government to induce W. J. Washburn, the banker, to consent to become a candidate for the council before the primary. As I am sure he will not turn his hand over to attain indorsement, it behooves all citizens interested in civic affairs to get out and work for his selection. With him, too, are such good men as Judge J. D. Works, Miles S. Gregory and George Williams. With the primary election only less than three weeks off, it is essential that active work be done to get out a strong vote for these excellent candidates. So far as the mayoralty situation is concerned, I see no reason to change my views as to the primary outcome. I believe the finals will be contested by Farish and Alexander, with the odds a trifle in favor of the former. I am informed that the number of signers to the Farish petition is the largest ever attached to any similar petition requesting any citizen to become a candidate for public office in California. The tally sheets at the Farish headquarters, at Third and Hill, show that upward of ten thousand voters have made written request upon the proper legal petitions that Mr. Farish enter the mayoralty race. Harry B. Logan, in charge of the circulation of them, assured me that with few exceptions these are all registered voters.

Bishop Conaty Back to His Diocese

There is a plethora of returned travelers this week, and chief among them is Bishop Conaty, who has been abroad since last May. He was not expected back until November 1, but I predicted that his friends here would urge him to be home in time to greet the President. As a matter of fact, his continual round of sight seeing should have been followed by a rest before resuming his duties here, and it was hoped that he would go into seclusion at his old home in Worcester, Mass., for the remainder of this month. But like the good-natured prelate he is, Bishop Conaty yielded to the appeal of half a dozen of his leading churchmen and parishioners here and cut out his Worcester trip. I hope he will take things easy until he gets his shore gait established.

Dr. Beckett Home Again

Coincident with the return of Mayor E. W. Jones and Dan Murphy from furrin' parts is that of Dr. W. W. Beckett, who has been making an extended tour of Europe, where, with his family, he enjoyed four months of unalloyed pleasure. He was especially interested in what he saw of Ireland. The new land law is working well in the northern part, he tells me, but in the south the conditions are by no means improved, worse if anything. The Irish farmowner in the south, who is emerging from a long period of tenancy, is shiftless of habits, and as an employer of help he is not nearly so liberal as was the non-resident English owner. In consequence, there is much

complaint among the peasantry and less money in circulation than ever before. In Belgium, Dr. Beckett found the ideal agricultural conditions; the intensified farming near Brussels yielding immense returns in wheat and oats to the acre. Like all good Los Angelans, he is glad to be home again.

"Polly" Love Acquires Fame

Now what do you think of it? Here is "Polly" Love's two separate marriages to the seven times grass widowed Grace Snell, etcetera, formerly of Chicago, and now of Los Angeles, become the subject of an editorial paragraph in Collier's. "Polly" will be recalled as a former secretary of the Los Angeles board of health, for whom the job was created by Arthur C. Harper of sad memory.

Bond Proposition May Strike Snag

With the voters of the city about to be asked to approve the issue of several million dollars of bonds for the acquirement of an Owens river power plant, in addition to a few more millions needed for San Pedro harbor, there are those in a position to gauge the temper of the community, who are almost ready to gamble that one of the issues mentioned will fail of ratification. We have been bonding at an alarming rate recently, until the average taxpayer has about decided that, if he is to call a halt, the present is as good a time as any. But the harbor bonds certainly should carry; the good faith of Los Angeles is pledged to San Pedro and Wilmington.

Major Burke's European Letters

Readers of the Times, who have been edified recently by the appearance in that paper of articles from European watering places, containing much meritorious matter of literary moment, at the same time conveying not a little information concerning well-known Los Angelans now hobnobbing with continental bigwigs, may be interested in knowing that the author is Major W. R. Burke, owner of Berkeley Square, a pen picture of whom, when at Carlsbad, I gave a few weeks ago in this column. Major Burke, in his younger days, was a member of the staff of the St. Louis Globe Democrat. Why the major, thick as he was with the recall element, should have sent his contributions to the Times, rather than to the Herald, of which he was until recently a director, is a bit surprising. What he thinks of the Times, in the matter of certain of the Otis policies, would not look well in print. Of course, the major is not paid for his contributions. He is not in dire need of the money. Can it be that the Herald rejected his copy?

Clark Copper May be Reorganized

Stockholders of Clark Copper have been called upon for proxies for the annual meeting to be held November 1. Because of the unfortunate crisis in the company's affairs, which has cost about \$60,000, it is doubted if the present management will be continued. It need surprise nobody if the company is entirely reorganized under a new name. Possibly, with the \$20,000 of company funds remaining, an attempt may be made to develop for the shareholders an oil proposition that is said to have merit.

Senator Flint and a Second Term

With the Record insisting in black-faced type that Frank P. Flint will not be an aspirant for re-election, and with the Examiner also claiming to have been the first to dig up that story, I rise to remark that The Graphic scooped both its morning and its evening contemporaries by from four to six weeks. Apropos, last week I found Brother Clarke of the Riverside Press printing as a brand-new story this report of the senator's probable determination not to be a candidate for a second term. He had taken it from a northern paper and reprinted it with the comment that he considered it strange no Los Angeles paper had taken cognizance of the rumor. The story quoted I found to be largely in my own language, employed in The Graphic five weeks before, which had traveled the rounds, finally getting back to Riverside. I suspect Editor Clarke was in the north when my story first appeared. I still adhere to my belief that the senator's decision in the matter is not final. He is in love with the work and has succeeded far beyond the expectations of his friends even. But it is an expensive luxury. Under next year's state-wide primary, too, it may cost him a fortune to seek another term, only to be defeated, possibly, at the last minute. Such a prospect is not alluring. While there is a chance that Senator Flint will make another try for the toga, he still has about three months yet before coming to a final decision. President Taft boosted the Flint campaign along whenever he had the

opportunity, while he was here, which, by the way, was predicted in this column nearly a month ago.

John D. Reavis and Beaumont

My flowery young friend, John D. Reavis, whose rhetoric in regard to the Beaumont valley has done much toward attracting a fine class of settlers to that beautiful spot, is the author of the following excellently composed letter, which accompanied a box of apples, grown in the valley he has rendered famous, presented to the President Tuesday night at Riverside. The letter is addressed to Mr. Taft and reads:

Dear Sir: Associated Press dispatches recount that you like apples and that the taste is hereditary. Therefore, on behalf of the fruit growers of the Beaumont valley, Riverside county, I take pleasure in presenting you with a box of this Adamic fruit on this, the eve of your departure from Riverside county. These apples were grown in a valley that is as sunny as your disposition and as replete with natural resources as is your own admirable self. In connection with this presentation, it is but just that the comments on you and your apple-loving ancestor, who never puckered his lips for less than a peck, should be made in rhyme by Beaumont's poet, the organizer of the first Taft Club in the United States, Arthur J. Burdick, in whose name I present the verses attached.

Arthur Burdick's Apple Message

Arthur Burdick, editor of the Gateway Gazette, author of the poem or "apple message" which went with the fruit, was one of the highly esteemed members of my staff on the original Evening News, leaving me to help grow up with Beaumont. He is no tyro at the gentle art of versifying, many a bright skit from his agile pen having preceded this clever bit of rhyming. His apple message, addressed to "Our President, William H. Taft," reads:

We sought a medium to express
Our high regard for you,
We choose, our message to convey,
This fruit of ruddy hue.

The orange flaunts its golden disks
Invitingly to view,
The lemon stretches forth its fruit—
We've none of them for you,
But modestly the apple, fair,
Amid its mountain green,
Bides, as it were reluctant to
Proclaim itself a queen.

As fragrant as the apples were
Of Pyban old, in truth;
And like the fruit of Idun, famed,
Perpetuates our youth.
Like, too, Prince Ahmed's apple rare—
More precious far than wealth—
To eat dispels the ills of flesh,
Insuring lasting health.

The golden summer sunshine rare
Is treasured 'neath their skin,
The pure air of the mountains grand
Is also stored within.
The crispness of the mornings cool,
The softness of the eve,
The fullness of the noon-tide, too,
These royal spheres receive.

Their blush the sun's sweet kisses are;
Their flavor, winds' caress;
Their fragrance, breath of heaven sent
We mortals here to bless.
Their odor, form, and color, too,
Our willing senses please—
As precious as the apples were
Of famed Hesperides.

This royal fruit we deem, dear sir,
A worthy gift for you,
Our welcome, too, as wholesome is;
Our fealty as true.

Incidentally, the apples were grown on the Fick ranch, just north of Beaumont, and were of the Bellefleur and Arkansas Black varieties. Every one was wrapped in an individual covering and the average weight of the fruit was ten ounces to the apple. President Taft seemed to enjoy the incident and took the apples inside his private car. I have no doubt they are in process of transference to his own inside by this time.

Are You a Life Member?

For the sixth time it has been my privilege to read of the yearly progress of the Barlow Sanatorium for Poor Consumptives, founded by Dr. Walter Jarvis Barlow. In this last year the sanatorium has cared for as many as thirty-eight cases, with an average for the year of 33.1, treated at an average cost of \$8.37 a week for each patient. When it is possible to care for fifty patients the cost can be reduced to \$7.50. There are now forty-four available beds at the institution. Ninety-two cases have been treated in the year, or five more than in 1908. Dr. Barlow

refers in glowing terms to the advent of Dr. Robert L. Cunningham, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, as resident physician, whose connection is regarded as of distinct advantage to the sanatorium. The endowment fund now approaches the fifty thousand dollar mark, more than fifteen thousand dollars having been acquired since the last report by a special subscription list. Two new beds have been endowed in perpetuity, the Jonathan Sayer Slauson memorial bed, and the Lawrence Milbank memorial bed. With accommodations for forty-four beds and insufficient means to fill them, donations are needed toward defraying the running expenses or to add to the endowment fund. I cannot extol too highly this philanthropic work, and a life membership, which can be had for \$100, is a practical way of evincing one's sympathy in the objects of the institution.

Arthur Letts Heading Homeward

By the time this issue of The Graphic is printed I expect Arthur Letts will be home again from his four months' tour of Europe with his family and Secretary and Mrs. Luther of the Y. M. C. A. He writes me from New York that while he has had a glorious outing he is glad to be back, and longs to see Los Angeles. He feels that he is a better American citizen for the trip abroad, which sort of an experience he thinks is well calculated to make one fonder than ever of America, and in this he is right. We have much to acquire in the way of poise and possibly that culture which centuries of civilization impart, but there is only one America, and lucky is he who gives it his allegiance.

Cost of Pre-Primary Fight

I am informed that in the coming municipal campaign the candidate who will have the most ready coin to expend will be Auditor Mushet, whose welfare at this time is being looked after by Mr. M. H. Newmark and others well known in the city's wholesale district. It is an open secret that Mr. Newmark has informed his candidate that he stands ready to advance toward the Mushet cause any sum up to \$10,000, and a similar offer has been made to the candidate for mayor from at least two other sources. Los Angeles street never before took such an interest in a city campaign as is being manifested at this time in Mr. Mushet's behalf, it is stated, and not a few of those who have been championing the cause of former Councilman Smith are said to be on Mr. Mushet's salaried staff at this writing. I am told, also, that already it has cost Mr. Smith in excess of \$5,000 to make a contest that has barely begun, and that he has figured out the total will run up to about \$12,000. Experts in such matters do not hesitate to say that if Mr. Smith escapes with an expenditure of less than \$15,000, he will have saved a lot of money. Thus far, he does not appear to have made much headway.

"Judge" Lawler to Be

When it comes to filling a United States judgeship in this district, the place is sure to go to Oscar Lawler, who accepted the post in the interior department with that particular idea in view. From what I learn from Washington, it is not unlikely that President Taft will name Lawler at the first opportunity, the former federal district attorney having made a decided hit with the incumbent of the White House. I expect such an appointment will not be too popular with the leaders of the ci-devant Lincoln-Roosevelt contingent, but they may as well get used to the sound of "Judge" Lawler.

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SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF OILS NOW ON VIEW



Presented first as an acting play, "The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody, now appears as literature, fresh from the press of the Macmillan Company, in book form. Its appeal to the amusement-loving public has been unmistakable, as its long runs in several large cities testify, and now it may be seen in somewhat lesser glory in the stock companies. Its chief value lies in its vivid picture of the types engendered in the rugged, barren, free life of the southwest, Arizona, to be exact, and Massachusetts, with all its stands for of conservatism, restraint, rigid morality and scrupulous commercial honesty. A woman's honor is at stake, and is saved with gold—bought by one man from another. This situation is so revolting to a New England puritan that it is like the yoke of slavery about her neck, until she has, with her own hands, earned the money to buy back her freedom. She gets it only to give it again into the same hands, but she then stands clean in her own sight, since she has exercised the right dearest to a woman, to bestow herself where she wills, not where she must. After that she has still to overcome her spiritual inheritance of winning righteousness by self torture. The hero, who has risen in an hour new born, out of sin and wretchedness, as the Arizona desert is turned from brown to green in a night, by a passionate, swift, deluging rain, finds the path they can walk together. A great human theme, treated dramatically and picturesquely by Mr. Moody. ("The Great Divide." By William Vaughn Moody. The Macmillan Company.)

"Castle By the Sea"

Pointless and apparently purposeless is H. B. Marriott Watson's new book, "The Castle by the Sea." After the reader has finished his puzzled perusal of the story he is entirely bewildered as to why it is in existence, and where the plot has hidden itself. It gives one the impression that Mr. Watson felt himself impelled to write and began his literary task with only a vague idea of what he would finally produce. Whenever a situation occurred to him apparently he dropped it into his mixing bowl, stirred it with a spoon slightly sticky with love, added a few superfluous characters, seasoned the whole with a pinch of supposed mystery, and presented the concoction as a toothsome morsel. But, alas, the novel is like the first pie of a Mrs. Newlynwed. It looks well enough, but is unpalatable and contains unknown ingredients. Also, it makes one suffer horrible pangs of indigestion. ("The Castle by the Sea." By H. B. Marriott Watson. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Big John Baldwin"

"Thou art a good apple grown upon a goodly tree; and when the operations of time and nature shall have mellowed thee, thou shalt be fit to go upon a king's table, for thou art full of most excellent juices and sound at heart; but heaven forbid thou shouldst be eaten now. The sweetness in thee needs time to ripen, it being now not properly mollified, and is more like to produce a colic than the nourishment it shall furnish forth later."

It is concerning the thoughts and actions of Sir John Baldwin, gentleman and knight of England, who, despite the love and blandishments showered upon him by Charles the First, while on a visit at court, previous to the dissolution of the memorable parliament in 1640, served in the company of the Ironsides under Oliver Cromwell; who, further, achieved great honors under the Lord Protector, and indulged in curiously independent and contrary thoughts for those times, which did, nevertheless, greatly improve and sweeten the green apple of Cromwell's comment; who wooed and won the fair Mistress Eleanor Hedges, and later planted a new family tree across the sea, in the colony of Virginia, that Wilson Vance has reported in "Big John Baldwin."

With an amusing naivete, the like of which could scarcely be equalled, Sir John confides, in a desultory fashion, to the pages of a journal for the

benefit of possible future generations of the house of Baldwin of his illustrious branch of the family, especially what manner of man he was, and, incidentally, of more widely famed individuals. Even the clash of arms in the bitter conflict then raging, forming so prominent a factor in John's life, but dimly reaches the ears of the reader as he cons the lines, so wonderfully down-to-date, despite their wording, of the worthy gentleman. Withal, the tale runs along so pleasantly that no strong impression of the finished narrative remains save that it is "not half bad"—and truly, John is a strange admixture of egotism and godliness, of stupidity and sagacity, of narrowness and nobility! Altogether, he is rather a restful chap. ("Big John Baldwin." By Wilson Vance. Henry Holt & Co.)

"The Dominant Dollar"

Dailey Roberts, the hero of "The Dominant Dollar," by Will Lillibridge, describes himself as the "under dog" in his first acquaintance with the world, and so learns the source of power. The ingratitude, dishonesty and cruelty to which he is subjected, while helpless, leave him hard and unsympathetic in streaks, but he is not blinded to the fact that while money is the symbol of power, it is not the chief aim of existence. The story is not a chronicle of money-making in particular, but a rather commonplace love story. Two men, one a college professor, who is also a writer; the other, the practical man of affairs, love the same girl. They strive for her, each in his separate way, but the motives are not likely ones, nor is the outcome convincing. The style is rather breezy, the book attractively made, and for the reader who is not exacting, the story will furnish entertainment. ("The Dominant Dollar." By Will Lillibridge. A. C. McClurg Co.)

"Veronica Playfair"

When an author, and especially a woman, is daring enough to draw the veil from the sacred forms of such men as Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Pope, Dean Swift and Beau Nash, the onlooker holds his breath for fear that the desecrating hand may prove ruthless and irreverent. That is the achievement of Maude Wilder Goodwin in her new romantic novel, "Veronica Playfair," in which she introduces all these famous characters and makes them very human beings. After a reading of the novel, one feels that he has enjoyed a pleasant evening chat with his idols, who, after all, have proved themselves only men. Mrs. Goodwin's book is a "costume novel," with the scenes laid in London and in the fashionable circles of that famous resort, Bath. Her plot is not new, but it is well conceived and well constructed. Of course, the denouement is obvious from the first, but there are a number of pleasant little by-paths running from the main highway of the story, and it is agreeable strolling down the lanes with quiet Ben Franklin, caustic Dean Swift, or the cynical Pope, and listening to their historically famous philosophy of life set forth in unstilted fashion. The loving care lavished on her conception of these noted characters has led Mrs. Goodwin rather to neglect her hero and heroine, but they serve their purpose and create the necessary atmosphere of romance. The story is mildly entertaining, deftly written, and worth reading. ("Veronica Playfair." By Maude Wilder Goodwin. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Chet"

Chester, half-dozing in a hammock, hears his father say, "How do you suppose Chester will take to having a girl living in the same house with him all the time?" and so the trouble begins. "Chet" is an only child, and Bess, who lives next door, is his playfellow and confidant. They are entirely content with each other and consider the coming of a strange girl into Chet's home as rather an outrage upon their rights, and resent it accordingly. She is the daughter of Chet's mother's oldest friend, so there seems no way to prevent her advent. Bess and Chet hold private indignation meetings about it, until Bess remembers that she is a Christian Scientist, and begins to apply it to the case, then everything smooths out. It is an amiable little story of the summer doings of two nice, but in no way remarkable children, and the bugaboo which threatened to spoil everything at first is happily dispelled. ("Chet." By Katherine M. Yates. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Little Sister Snow

BY FRANCES LITTLE

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BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

I have heretofore confessed to a predilection for the odd, curious and rare in literature, old and scarce tomes, out-of-print books, and the like, having always held for me a fascinating interest. Consequently, when I came upon a rare first edition of William Hone's description of the ancient mysteries, especially the English miracle plays, founded on apocryphal new testament story, extant among the unpublished manuscript in the British Museum, I went out of the Old Book Shop hugging the precious volume to my heart and wore a beatific smile for the remainder of the day. Having an abiding interest in modern drama, in spite of the occasional jolts produced by the witnessing of unrelieved stupidities masquerading as plays, naturally, light on the first scenic performances of the religious Coventry plays or mysteries, such as this entertaining publication affords, is appreciated.

Concerning the Coventry mysteries, Dugdale, who wrote a history of Warwickshire, published in 1656, tells us that before the suppression of the monasteries Coventry was famous for the pageants that were enacted there, Corpus Christi Day being a notable occasion for such productions. These religious plays were acted with "mighty state and reverence," he affirms, by the Gray Friars, who had theaters on wheels that were drawn to all the eminent parts of the city for the better advantage of the spectators. "I have been told," observes Dugdale, "by some old people, who in their younger years were eye-witnesses of these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of visitors to see that show was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to the city." The celebrity of the performances may be inferred from the rank of the audiences; for, at the festival of Corpus Christi, in 1483, Richard III. visited Coventry to see the play, and at the same season, in 1492, they were attended by Henry VII. and his queen, by whom they were highly commended.

Concerning the scenery, machinery, dresses and decorations, and the stage management of these early Coventry pageants, little information is given because so little is known. According to one authority, the stage consisted of three platforms, one above another. In presenting a theatrical hell, for example, God the Father, surrounded by angels, occupied the uppermost platform; on the second sat the glorified saints, and on the last and lowest, men who had not yet passed from this life. On one side of the lowest platform was the resemblance of a dark, pitchy cavern, whence issued the appearance of fire and flames; and, when it was necessary, the audience was treated with hideous yellings and noises in imitation of the howlings and cries of wretched souls tormented by relentless demons. From this yawning cave the devils themselves constantly ascended to delight and to instruct the spectators. The mysteries were acted in churches or chapels upon temporary scaffolds when the weather was too inclement for out-of-door performances. When enough actors could not be

found among the clergy, the churchwardens employed secular players, and at times borrowed dresses from other parishes. It does not appear that the players learned their parts, but were followed by a prompter, called the ordinary, with the book in his hand.

Even in those early days and in such sanctified atmosphere the clerical players seem to have had their troubles, caused by ribald audiences. I find mention of a certain very religious Father William Melton, of the order of Friars Minors, "professor of Holy Pageantry," complaining to the mayor and aldermen of the city or staple of York, in June, 1426, that certain citizens and foreigners coming to the feast of Corpus Christi, had greatly disgraced the play by revelings, drunkenness, shouts, songs, and other insolences. "Little regarding the divine offices of the said day." In response to this complaint, a solemn proclamation was issued that no man go armed to the disturbance of the peace and the play, and the hindering of the procession, but that they leave their weapons at their inns, upon pain of forfeiture and imprisonment of their bodies.

In Coventry the play of Adam and Eve was enacted by the two principal characters appearing on the stage naked. Eve, on being seduced by the serpent, induces Adam to taste the forbidden fruit. He immediately perceives their own nakedness and says to her:

So us be nakyd be for and be hynde.

Woman ley this leff on the pryvyte And with this leff I shall hyde me.

This extraordinary spectacle, according to old chroniclers, was beheld by a numerous company of both sexes, with great composure; they had the authority of Scripture for such a representation, and they gave matters just as they found them in the third chapter of Genesis. This age would reject as gross and indelicate those free compositions which our ancestors not only countenanced but admired. Yet, as a commentator has pointed out, the morals of our forefathers were as strict and perhaps purer and sounder than our own.

Perhaps the most curious of all the pageants of Coventry and the one containing the most interest to moderns, because of the old question it raises, is the Miraculous Espousal of Mary and Joseph. Joseph has been away on a long journey and coming home finds his wife enceinte. He is sore dismayed, and at once accuses Mary of unchastity. She protests her innocence, vows it is "Goddys childe" and his and implores him to have faith. He scoffs at the suggestion and exclaims:

Goddys childe! thou lyes! in fay! God dede never rape so with may!

But Joseph is visited by an angel, who convinces him that Mary is without blemish, and delighted and repentant the husband returns and tells her he will serve her and worship the child, with which happy conclusion the play ends to the entire satisfaction of the audience. O, but this new find is a rare treasure.

S. T. C.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

"There is a great wave, you might call it a tidal wave, of music sweeping over the United States," according to Mr. Frederick A. Stock, the excellent conductor of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago. He says: "There is more enthusiasm over music in this country than there is even in Germany. I would rather call it a great musical awakening." This is surely true. Our own city, notwithstanding some discouraging elements from the resident musicians' standpoint, is improving musically. We give excellent support to the great artists and this means new life to us who are vitally interested in music. But the public will surely wake up to the fact that there are resident musicians here who can please them tremendously if they will only go and hear them. The fact that a concert was given by an artist whose home is inside the city limits, big as they are, has been in the past sufficient reason, apparently, for an empty house. This year, as never before, is Los Angeles in a position to present artists whose standing as such would be recognized, and in many cases has been recognized, in the music centers of the world. Not overlooking the faithful few who have persevered in concert giving for years, Mr. Krauss, Mr. Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Becker, Mrs. Dreyfus, and many others, this season will present George Kruger, pianist; Ignaz Haroldi, violinist; Dalhousie Young, pianist; Mrs. Le Grand Reed, soprano; Harrison Williams, pianist; Messrs. Koopman, violinist and cellist, and others of new blood who are welcome and whose influence should help to stir up the public to appreciate home products.

Most commendatory reports are heard about the excellent work of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra at the Taft banquet. The following numbers were rendered and appreciated: Introduction, "Polonaise Militaire" (Chopin); "Grand Festival March and Hymn to Liberty," introducing national hymn (Hugo Kaun); "Overture to Orpheus" (Offenbach); "Pêcheur Napolitain et Napolitaine" (Rubinstein); "Fantasie on Favorite Melodies" (Grieg); "Introduction to Third Act of Lohengrin" (Wagner); "Waltz, Wine, Woman and Song" (Strauss); "Scarface Dance" (Chaminade); "Overture to Rienzi" (Wagner).

It is not often that a fine musician and painter of acknowledged high rank are members of the same family, and when these two endowments are found centered in the same person, it is more than unusual, it is almost unheard of. Los Angeles has a violinist who is also a painter. When J. Bond Francisco decided to devote more time to the brush than to the bow, the concert-going public suffered a distinct loss. However, Mr. Francisco is not devoting all his time to painting, even though he has not appeared in concert for some time, but he has set aside a certain period each week for teaching, this year as in all past years. Two talented pupils of Mr. Francisco went to Europe last spring, Miss Bessie Chapin, who is studying in Vienna, and Pasquale De Nubila, who decided upon Berlin. Louis Angelotti, his pupil, who went several years ago, has had excellent success and has never returned.

Miss Anna Miller Wood of Boston is in the city and is the guest of Miss Jennie Winston.

Miss Helen Tappe will be heard in song recital November 12.

Eastern papers report the English of Madam Schumann-Heink has vastly improved this year.

Ellis Club is preparing its first program, which will be given November 9.

Date of the introductory recital of the Messrs. Jules and Maurice Koopman, violinist and violoncellist, recent-

ly of London, is November 11. They will have the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott. The program will consist of ensemble numbers and solos by the three gentlemen.

Dr. Wullner, whose recital here is among the first of the season, has decided to sing two of his most dramatic songs in English. They are Strauss' "Steinklopfer" song and "Cacilie." His English diction is said to be most excellent.

Programs of the Berlin Royal Orchestra, whose conductor is Richard Strauss, are intensely interesting inasmuch as the classics occupy a prominent place on each of the ten already announced. The first one included Haydn's D major symphony, and Mozart's G minor, the fifth by Beethoven, and the "Turandot Overture" by Weber. Beethoven's name occurs often, and even Spohr is not forgotten. New works are a symphony by Gernsheim, whose beautiful trio was played here several seasons ago by Mr. Krauss, Mrs. Lott and Mr. Opid, symphonies by Mahler and Hochberg, who must be the founder of the Hochberg quartet of Dresden, and the Silesian music festival, a symphonic waltz, "Olaf's Hochzeitsreigen," by Alex Ritter, a violinist and director at Weimar, and other prominent cities. His two operas were successfully given by Strauss in 1890, six years before their composer's death. Max Schillings and Strauss himself are the only other modern composers represented.

Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto who is one of Mr. Behymer's attractions this winter, is a great favorite of the young queen of Holland, and was her special guest September 20, just as she was leaving for America to begin her big tour which takes in most of the United States.

Eugene Nowland has signed a contract for a fifty-two weeks' engagement in vaudeville, and opened last week in Baltimore in a play written by himself, called "Traumeri," in which he introduces several violin solos of musical merit.

Frederic Gunster, the tenor, well known in Los Angeles, in fact in Southern California, sang this group of songs at the Maine festival: "O Del Mio Dolce Ardor" (Gluck), "All' Mein Gedanken" (Richard Strauss), "Als Die Alte Mutter" (Dvorak), "The Face of All the World Has Changed" (Hadley), "O Hermit! O Veery!" (Hadley). He also sang the aria from "Der Freischütz" on the same program with Geraldine Farrar. Jeanne Jomelli occupied a prominent place on the festival program. Owing to Madame Jomelli's many eastern engagements, she cannot reach here for the first symphony concert until November 19 instead of the first date given out.

Harry Girard's song cycle, "The Trend of Time," was given at the American Music Day at the Seattle exposition.

For Caruso's short engagement at the Berlin Royal Opera, prices for seats advanced to \$10, \$7.50, \$6, \$4.50, \$3, \$1.50, and standing room, next to the roof, 75 cents.

Said Schumann, recently, in Milwaukee: "It is really pitiful the way poor, hard-working parents will save and deny themselves for years in order that an ambitious daughter may be sent to Germany or other foreign country to study under foreign masters. In Europe the idea prevails that Americans are made of money, and the ways they have of getting it from you are legion. Many of the girls who go abroad to study have no voices to begin with, and if their masters there were honest, they would tell them so and send them back home. I feel so strongly about championing American musical training and a proper appreciation of American composers that I often think that the stork must have made a mistake when he dropped me in Germany."

November 4 is the date chosen for the first concert of the American Music Society of Los Angeles. The affair will be given at Simpson Auditorium and at this time the Lyric Club of women's voices, Mr. Edwin House, Mr. Ernest Douglas, organist; Mrs. Clara Henley Bussing, Miss Alice Coleman,

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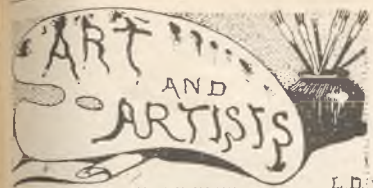
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Coming to a consideration of the water color drawings shown at the exhibition of paintings by Southern California artists, now being held at the Blanchard Gallery, "The Old Standby," Mr. Harry L. Bailey, is one of the most interesting of all. It is well drawn, brilliant, yet quiet in color, which is more than can be said for certain of the oil paintings, and, moreover, is well designed. The latter is an essential which is perhaps even more necessary in water colors than in oils, owing to the slightly harder contours in the former. Mr. Bailey shows a man and a horse, both drinking from the same fountain, presumably on a hot day. "Eads Bridge," by the same painter, is also excellent, the color scheme again being most harmonious and restful to the eye. One might have preferred that a part of the detail had been omitted from the drawing of the bridge, something left to the imagination is always alluring. "Venetian Sails," by Teresa Cloud, is rather fetching, but the sails perhaps are a trifle too gaudy. They may or may not have appeared to the artist that way in nature, but as they tend to throw the picture out of harmony, a little toning down would have helped. Miss Cloud's "Purple and Gold" is not so interesting. The "Chrysanthemums" of Miss Leta Horlocker are well drawn. "Early Morning on the Arroyo" is a most interesting piece of work, with a very pleasant combination of colors. Miss Marion Williams has painted some delightful yellow roses and Shasta daisies. The monotypes shown by Lillian Drain offer examples not perhaps in her best style, of a beautiful art.

The Japanese prints are exceedingly interesting and alone are worth a visit to the gallery. One in particular, a peacock, is a stunning example of coloring. They should be of great value to all earnest students of art. On the whole, the exhibition of oil paintings is excellent and of a standard much higher than the water colors.

Mr. Von Rosenberg, a newcomer here, is an Austrian from Vienna, more recently from St. Louis, where he made a reputation for himself. He has been called an impressionist, painting, as he does, in a more or less straightforward way, with very little glazing, but his pictures define everything clearly and his subjects are all carefully and well drawn. His coloring is decidedly polychromatic, while your true impressionist has a very small palette, relying chiefly on his values for effect of color and distance. Several of the pictures to be seen in Mr. Von Rosenberg's studio, in the Blanchard building, are well worth a visit.

The collection of paintings representative of the art of Southern California which was gathered by Mr. Kanst for the Chicago Exhibition of Fine Arts was shipped last Monday. It was decidedly representative and included pictures from the brushes of Messrs. Granville Redmond, William Wendt, Futhoff, Ralph Mocine, Bond Francisco and Benjamin Brown.

An exhibition of paintings by Mr. Ralph Davison Miller, to be held at the Kanst Art Gallery from October 26 to November 6, should be of great interest to art lovers, as the pictures are said to be of the highest merit.

Miss Elizabeth Burton opened her exhibition of work in arts and crafts in the water color gallery at Blanchard Hall, Friday of this week. She has with her a corps of assistants and will execute the numerous commissions that she has been given in Los Angeles. Miss Burton is in the front rank of her profession and is highly esteemed for the beautiful work she did for her clients when in the east.

Mr. Maxwell, curator of the Blanchard Gallery, is progressing favorably with his arrangements for a course of free lectures to be held in the gallery during the coming winter months. The lectures will be held every fortnight, and their

object is to instruct the public in the aims and ideals of art, the various schools of painting, together with personal reminiscences of the greatest of the modern artists. The first lecture, the date of which is not settled, will be delivered by Mr. Rene T. de Quelin, on Augustus Saint Gaudens.

An exhibition of canvases by Mr. W. Collins opens next Monday. Mr. Collins is a painter of desert scenes, who recently created quite a little stir in Boston at his exhibition there.

Mr. Kanst has received at his gallery on South Spring street, a number of new pictures of merit. A landscape by Ralph Mocine is lovely in coloring, with a wonderful warm glow which pervades the whole. Mr. Mocine is a true impressionist. Looking at his canvas one's eye is arrested by no particular spot, everything blends; even the color impresses one as being nearly of one hue, so true are his values. The canvas shows a foreground of three eucalyptus trees, growing out of fields of charming contours, which rise as they recede to a village of small houses. The beauty of impressionistic painting is aptly revealed in this picture. Imagine a carefully painted conglomeration of badly built huts of dirty color and more or less irregular formation—how awful it would be! Now, in Ralph Mocine's picture, if examined closely, it shows nothing more than a few brush marks, apparently placed at random on the canvas. Recede from the painting about ten feet and you discover a village, alive with movement and life. One seems to see figures in action, in fact one sees life in its truest form. If all these innumerable little houses had been carefully drawn out, what would be the result? Stagnation!

Another most interesting picture is a still life by Miss Jessie Parker. It shows several old, hand-carved Persian brass bowls, resting on what appears to be an oriental cloth of ancient weave. The whole color scheme is of the most enchanting beauty, somber and rich in tone. It is well handled, well drawn, and the lighting is excellent. One of the best examples of still life painting seen in Southern California in a long time.

W. A. Griffin has a charming picture of the wharves at San Pedro. It is exceedingly well drawn, the values are true and the hazy, smoky atmosphere adds a piquancy to the canvas that is most alluring. Another work worth mentioning is by F. C. Moysset, a Dutchman. The picture is not new, Mr. Kanst having bought it from a private collection in this city. It reminds one of Von Blass. It shows a young man and a very pretty girl chatting together on the sea shore of a fishing village; behind are seen boats and other figures, all very lifelike.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wendt gave a little exhibition and reception to a woman's club from Garvanza last Wednesday. It was a most interesting occasion. The public sees all too little of these most talented artists.

Arrangements are being made at the New Gallery, Chicago, to exhibit the collection of Korean and Japanese art curios and paintings belonging to Gustavus Goward, commissioner to Korea and Japan, who died not long ago. These objects have been stored at the Art Institute, and friends there are taking them in charge, with the intention of closing the estate, notes the art critic of the Post, who adds that Mr. Goward collected for the Smithsonian Institution, and while interested in art progress throughout the country, was most untiring in his efforts to promote a taste for the Japanese in Chicago. The collection of paintings by California artists will open at the New Gallery November 1.

An appreciation of John La Farge by Elizabeth Luther Cary is the leading article in the International Studio for October. A companion paper is by J. Nilsen Laurvik on "The John La Farge Collection." Both articles are liberally illustrated. "An Artist From Austria: Mr. Arthur Streton" opens vistas of interest in landscape, and there is an attractive outlook in another direction in a review of Italian art at the Venice International Exhibition, by Vittoria Pica. Miss Florence N. Levy writes of

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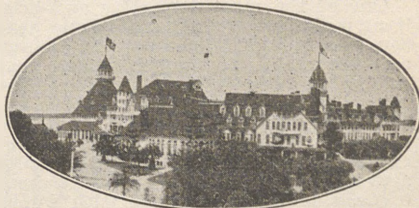
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"The Hudson-Fulton Exhibition of American Industrial Arts," and in addition are many interesting art notes from overseas and excellent illustrations.

The selecting committee of the London Salon of photographers has been chosen. Five names are the same as last year, Craig Annan, Benington, Arbutnot, Davison and Craigie. The three vacancies created by the defection of the American Links have been filled by Evans, Dudley Johnson and Mortimer. The latter two are "Links" of 1908.

Travelers in Mexico who take note of artistic matters are always amazed at the wealth of paintings in the churches and cathedrals, and the marvels in carving and decoration. Even in out-of-the-way places the splendor of the ecclesiastical buildings outshines much of Europe. Everyone goes to see the Murillo of Guadalupe and the Spanish masters in the Cathedral of Mexico City. It was in this region that General Ord discovered the "lost" "St. Jerome," by Murillo, which has recently been uncovered in San Francisco. It was sold in Paris in 1860 and taken to Mexico.

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By Ruth Burke

One of the most attractive and brilliant weddings of the early winter season was that of Miss Austene George and Mr. John T. Cooper, which was celebrated Tuesday evening in Immanuel Presbyterian church. Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker officiated, and the ceremony was witnessed by a number of friends and relatives. The bride was attired in a gown of white meteor crepe, elaborately trimmed with Duchesse lace and pearls. It was made with court train, and the bride's veil was fastened with a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mrs. Leslie C. Brand, aunt of the bride, with whom she has made her home, was matron of honor. Her gown was of white satin brocaded with pink and blue roses and trimmed with rose point lace and pearls. She wore orchids. Misses Florence Clarke, Sallie Utley, Gladys Reynolds and Jane B. McPeak were bridesmaids and all were attired alike in pink silk crepe gowns, made en train, and trimmed with pearls. Each carried a shower bouquet of maiden-hair ferns. Little Miss Kathleen Campbell and Helen Thompson, who served as flower girls, wore pretty frocks of pink tulle and carried baskets of Cecil Bruner roses. Mr. Percy Cooper, brother of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Clarence Manwaring, Thomas Brown, Arvin Brown and Reuben Dean George, the latter a brother of the bride. Miss George was given away by her uncle, Mr. Leslie C. Brand. The church decorations were elaborate and artistic. The altar was massed with ferns and palms. Pink cosmos, asparagus ferns and pink tulle bows were used in marking the aisles, and during the service the bridal couple stood beneath a large wedding bell of pink carnations. Following the church service a supper was served at the California Club for the bridal party. There the table was decorated with a profusion of white cosmos and greenery. The place cards were white, and in the form of wedding bells, ornamented with paintings of orange blossoms. After a trip to San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper will return to Glendale, where they will occupy their new home. The bride is one of the most charming members of the younger society set, and her wedding was of much interest to a large circle of friends. Mr. Cooper is a popular fraternity man and has many friends in Los Angeles, where he is engaged in business.

It is at this season of the year that Master Dan Cupid begins slyly to boast of his conquests, and as a result numerous betrothal announcements are being made and rumors of others are being quietly circulated about by the intimate friends who "know where-of they speak." Of notable interest to the exclusive society set is the announcement made in The Graphic today by Mrs. Michael Gilleas of 215 La Brea avenue, Hollywood, of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Rosalind Gilleas, to Mr. James Hughes Arrighi of Natchez, Miss. The wedding will be celebrated Saturday, October 30, at the home of the bride's mother, and following an extended trip to New York, Mr. Arrighi and his bride will make their home in Natchez. Miss Gilleas, who is a daughter of the late Michael Gilleas, vice-president of the Illinois Central railroad, is a young girl of unusually charming personality and a favorite with a large circle of friends. The marriage of her sister, Miss Blanche Gilleas, to Mr. Frank Henry Jones, a prominent young business man of Memphis, Tenn., was a social event of less than a year ago.

Friends in Los Angeles and in Portland, Ore., the home of the bride, were interested in news of the marriage recently of Miss Aladine Burney and Mr. Arthur Wayland Wright, a young business man of this city. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Burney. Mr. and Mrs. Wright will take an extended trip through the eastern and southern states before return-

ing to Los Angeles to make their home. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Burney and their daughter, Miss Nancy K. Burney, who is a bright young newspaper woman of Portland, Ore., have been visiting in Los Angeles en route to New York, where Miss Burney is having a number of her short stories published. They plan to pass several months in travel before returning to California.

In compliment to Miss Jessie Marshall, whose marriage to Mr. David Stanley Setnan will take place Tuesday evening, November 2, at the Woman's clubhouse, Miss Clara Scott of 2255 Second avenue entertained with a card party Thursday afternoon. She was assisted by Miss Marie Schumann, Miss Lily Olshausen and the Misses Anne and Elizabeth Richards. Miss Bertha Lull of Sixth street and Harvard boulevard, entertained Friday afternoon with an informal party in her honor. This afternoon Miss Henrietta Mossbacher of Harvard boulevard will be hostess at a theater party for Miss Marshall. Thursday afternoon of next week, Miss Bessie Hellyar of South Hope street will give a theater party at the Orpheum for Miss Marshall, and Saturday afternoon, October 23, several members of the Friday Afternoon Club will be hostesses at a theater party in her honor. Invitations for Miss Marshall's wedding have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Marshall of Grand View street, and the affair promises to be one of the events of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, who are occupying their beach home at Redondo, entertained recently with a theater party at the Mason Opera House, in honor of Mr. Ralph McCormick of San Francisco, who has been visiting in this city. Among the other guests were Miss Grace Mellus and Mr. Volney Howard.

Miss Katherine Mellus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mellus of South Burlington avenue, is visiting in San Francisco at the home of Mrs. Seson on Pacific avenue. Miss Mellus will be in the north two months, and will be the honored guest at a number of teas, dinners and dancing parties.

Mrs. S. H. B. Vandervoort of 418 West Thirty-third street, who left recently for a two months' visit in the east, is at present a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. E. W. Burtch of Marshalltown, Iowa. She will stay a month there, later going to Muskogee, Okla., where she will visit with her brother, Mr. A. W. Patterson, and family. Mr. Vandervoort will leave Los Angeles later and join his wife in Muskogee for a month's outing trip.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert McReynolds, who left for the east October 1 for a six weeks' visit, are building a handsome home in Berkeley Square, which they plan to occupy soon after the holidays. Dr. and Mrs. McReynolds, after visiting in Kentucky with the former's relatives, will go to Philadelphia, where the doctor formerly was in active practice, and will then visit in New York for several days with his brother.

Among Tuesday's society affairs was an informal box party given that evening at the Belasco Theater by Mrs. Hancock Banning. A special guest was Mr. Jack Craig, who is home from South Africa on a visit to his relatives in Pasadena. Others entertained by Mrs. Banning were Mrs. Eleanor Brown, Mrs. E. T. Earl, Miss Anita Patton, Messrs. Gurney Newlin, Neil Brown and George Cole.

Amid artistic appointments and in the presence of about one hundred relatives and friends was celebrated the marriage of Miss Lucile Dixon and Mr. Ralph William Stewart, Thursday evening. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Milnor Dixon, 1200 Arapahoe street, Rev. William MacCormack officiating. The bridal couple stood before an altar of white satin for the service. The hall and the living room were canopied with asparagus plumosus ferns, and the mantel in the latter room was banked with cosmos. In the dining room ferns and cosmos were utilized, and the white dining room was arranged with white carnations. The bride's gown was of white cashmere de soie, elaborately trimmed and made princess style, with panels in front and back of real lace. The bride was given away by her father. The only attendants were eight young women, who served as ribbon bearers.

These were Misses Lulu Page, Belle Crowell, Helen McCutchan, Eva Stavnnow, Violet McDonald, Anna Pease, Corinne Thornkildsen and Ida Underhill. All were attired in gowns in the pastel shades of pink and blue. Little Neola Meekins, who was flower girl, wore a lingerie gown of white, and preceded the bridal couple to the altar, scattering rose petals along the path. The bride's going-away gown was a tailor suit of gray broadcloth. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart will enjoy a month's fishing and hunting trip, and after December 15 will be at home to their friends at 2208 West Twentieth street. Mr. Stewart is a civil engineer and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. A. White of West End, N. J., are making preparations for another trip into Old Mexico before going home for the holidays. This time they visit points of interest in Sonora Province. As exemplifying the charm of this beautiful southland might be mentioned the experience of Mr. and Mrs. White. They arrived in Los Angeles from Chihuahua and Mexico City, July 3, intending to remain a day or so before proceeding to their home. Twenty-four hours' stay and a luncheon at the Virginia was sufficient to win them over, and they have since occupied one of the beautiful suites on the ocean side of the hotel at Long Beach. Both Mr. and Mrs. White agree that this is the climate ideal.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright Coulter plan to move into their new house in St. Andrews place about the middle of October.

Judge and Mrs. Wheaton A. Gray and daughter, Miss Eva Gray, have returned from a three weeks' northern trip, including stops in San Francisco and the valley cities.

Pasadena society folk will soon welcome the return of Mrs. C. D. Daggett and her daughter, Miss Ruth Daggett, of South Orange Grove avenue, who have been abroad for six months. Mr. Daggett has gone east to meet his wife and daughter in New York, and they will visit for a few days in Chicago with a married daughter, Mrs. Byron Harvey. Miss Maud Daggett, another daughter, will remain in Paris, where she will continue her studies in sculpture before returning to her home here.

Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and Miss Truman, who have been at Tahoe Tavern for the last two months, are guests at Hotel Fairmont, San Francisco.

Invitations have been issued by Dr. S. H. McClung of Pasadena avenue for the marriage of his daughter, Miss Eleanor Estelle McClung, to Dr. Arthur Whitton Buell, the ceremony to take place in Highland Park Presbyterian church, October 28, Rev. R. W. Cleland officiating. Miss McClung will have her sister, Miss Mae McClung, for her maid of honor, and her bridesmaids will be Misses Grace Henderson, Katherine McClung and Marguerite Herskovits. Mr. Dan Hancock will be best man, and the groomsmen chosen are Messrs. Lester Buell, James McClung and Will Bacon. Dr. Buell and his bride will make their home in Long Beach.

In honor of Mrs. Richard Hovey, Miss Adeline Stanton of 420 West Thirty-first street entertained Wednesday evening with a chafing dish supper. Among her other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson, Miss Esther Yarnell, Mr. Ellis Yarnell, Mr. Figurd Russell, Mrs. Schuyler Thompson, Miss Elsie Smith, Hon. P. A. Stanton, Mr. W. Williams, Mrs. Louis Stanton and Mr. Charles Stanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene E. Hewlett of Oak Knoll, Pasadena, are in San Francisco for a week's stay.

Los Angeles arrivals at Hotel del Coronado for the week ending Sunday, October 10, included: Mr. S. M. Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Galligan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Bradley, Mr. A. M. Young, Mr. and Mrs. M. Williams, Mr. C. A. Fellows, Mr. J. A. Kirkpatrick, Mr. W. I. Howard, Mr. D. P. Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Nash, Mr. J. B. Alexander, Mr. P. A. Newmark, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Fay, Mr. Joseph Roth, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Lestart, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Wilson, Mr. George I. Remington, and Miss Blanche Remington. An auto party, which motored from Los Angeles for a stay of several days at Hotel del Coronado, included



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Miss Lutz and Miss Pauline Lutz of South Orange Grove avenue, who have been enjoying an outing at the family summer home at Alamitos Bay, have been the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Corwin of Hotel Alvarado in this city.

One of the events in Jewish social life will be the ninth annual ball of the independent Order of B'nai B'rith, to be given at the Goldberg-Bosley hall the evening of October 26. The affair will be one of the largest social functions of the season, four hundred invitations having been issued for the evening. The social committee of the order, which has charge of the ball, includes Mr. J. Marks, chairman; Messrs. Emanuel Cohen, Arthur Feintuch, Leo Simmons, A. Horowitz, Silva Cohen, Victor Hecht and Maurice Salzman. Members of the reception committee are Messrs. Maurice Finkenstein, I. Rubin, Victor Hecht, Maurice Salzman, L. Gans, Silva Cohen, Mendel Silverberg, Arthur Feintuch, J. Birnbaum and J. Marks.

One of the brilliant society affairs of next month will be the reception which Mrs. Edwin G. Howard and Mrs. Herbert D. Requa will give at the Ebell clubhouse, Wednesday afternoon, November 3.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. von Ache and Mr. E. W. Cason have returned from a month's voyaging to Tahiti. Mr. Henry T. Lee also enjoyed the outing, this being his second trip to that picturesque island.

At a simple wedding service at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fisher, 945 South Bonnie Brae street, Tuesday noon was celebrated the marriage of Miss Pearl Wood Powers, daughter of Mrs. Fischer, to Mr. Carl von der Hagen. Mr. and Mrs. von der Hagen will enjoy a trip and after January 1 will be at home to their friends at 550 Cahuenga boulevard.

Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe of South Grand avenue was hostess Wednesday afternoon at the first of a series of bridge luncheons, which she will give. Covers were laid for twelve.

Miss Grace M. Burnham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Burnham of 416 West Twenty-eighth street, has gone east for the winter months. She will visit with relatives in Boston, Springfield, Hartford and New York.

Miss Cora Auten of 119 North Madison avenue has gone east for a six weeks' visit in Chicago, where she formerly lived.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Elmer Wilcox of South Orange Grove avenue, who have been traveling in the east for six or seven weeks, are expected to arrive at their Pasadena home today.

In compliment to her daughter, Mrs. George French Hamilton, Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee entertained recently with an informal luncheon of eight covers at her home on Magnolia avenue. Mrs. Hamilton and her children have been guests a greater part of the summer of Lieutenant General and Mrs. Chaffee. She will leave October 20 to join her husband, Captain Hamilton, at his new post, Fort Russell, Wyoming. After a long period of service in the Philippines, Captain Hamilton will enjoy a four years' stay in the United States.

Announcement is made by Mrs. Elizabeth K. Tuttle of the marriage of her daughter, Miss Hallie D. Tuttle, to Mr. Frank Shearer, the ceremony having taken place at the home of the brides' mother on West Seventh street, Rev. William MacCormack, dean of St. Paul's pro-cathedral, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Shearer, after November 1, will be at home to their friends at the McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and the latter's charming daughter, Miss Nina Jones, came down from Santa Barbara recently and are guests at Hotel Van Nuys.

Miss Mamie Luce of South Pasadena was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a meeting of the Emannan Club.

Of widespread interest was the marriage, Tuesday evening, of Miss Helen Muir, daughter of the famous naturalist and author, Mr. John Muir, to Mr. Mel A. Funk of Daggett. The ceremony was simply celebrated at the

home of Dr. J. Q. A. Henry, who officiated. The bride was attended by her sister. Mr. Funk is well known as a successful artist.

Announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Osborne of 2703 Raymond avenue of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florence June Osborne, to Mr. Harry Pease Ware. Date for the wedding will be set for December. Miss Osborne is popular with a large circle of friends in this city and a number of pre-nuptial affairs will doubtless be given in her honor.

Mrs. Wallace Cahill Ayer of New York and Denver, who with her daughter, Delia Katherine, has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. James Abbott of Key West street for several months, has left for Denver, where she will be joined by Mr. Ayer and they will go to New York for the winter together.

Col. and Mrs. Freeman C. Teed have returned from Ocean Park, where they were this summer and are occupying their new home at 1313 West Fifty-first place. Mrs. Teed will receive her friends the first and second Wednesdays of each month.

Miss Carrie Stutsman has issued invitations for an evening party to be given at the home of Mrs. Phillip D. Colby, 1330 Ingraham street, Friday evening, October 22. The affair is planned in compliment to Miss Violet McDonald, whose marriage to Mr. Allen Culver will be an event of the near future.

Mr. Frank C. Bolt, president of the San Gabriel Valley Bank, and his bride, formerly Miss Clara M. O'Brien of Long Beach, have returned to Pasadena from an 8,000 mile wedding journey. On their trip they visited British Columbia, Seattle and various points along the Canadian Pacific, the larger cities of the east and returned via New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Bolt will make their home at Hotel Maryland this winter.

Miss Blanche Fleming left recently for Pittsburg, Pa., where she will visit this winter with relatives and friends.

Tuesday evening Mrs. Henry T. Gage entertained with a small box party at the Auditorium to see "Mlle. Mischief." Her guests included her charming young daughter, Miss Lucille Gage, and Messrs. Elbridge Rand and Charles Rand.

Miss Catherine Towell of East Thirty-sixth street has returned from a three months' trip to New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McComb, who have been at Tahoe Taverin for a month, are enjoying a short stay in Berkeley.

Among the charming young folk registered at the Virginia Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Max Leiventhal, a recently married couple, from the Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jennings of Battle Creek, Mich., who have been at the Virginia for a week, left Friday for Coronado, where they will remain a few days before leaving for the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Raphael of this city entertained with a week-end party at Hotel del Coronado in honor of Mrs. Frank Pillsbury Boyd of San Francisco.

Class Methods of Charles Farwell Edson

An interesting hour may be passed any Tuesday morning in the studio of Charles Farwell Edson, in hearing his class lesson to his singing pupils. Mr. Edson shares the idea of many language teachers, that pupils learn much from the mistakes of others and the friendliest air of ease and camaraderie prevails as these girls go through their songs and exercises for one another's benefit. The results Mr. Edson strives for are definite, but his method evidently is yielding, for while he may tell one pretty girl, feeling for a tone, to stick her chin out like a bulldog's and not care how she looks, the next one trying for the same tone quality may have to hold a prop between her teeth until her throat muscles learn to act automatically! It is not a beauty school you see, but what the training may accomplish in two years is exemplified by Miss Frances Lewis, who has been under Mr. Edson's instruction for that length of time, and upon whom he is willing to place his professional tag. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, or perhaps more properly a mezzo-contralto, as he has not attempted to secure a high range. Her smooth, resonant tones are equally good throughout her

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A Tenderfoot in Southern California



ETHAN R. ALLEN

(Candidate for City Auditor—Young, Able, Honest and Experienced)

entire range, and there is no hint of "registers," while her enunciation, her clean-cut consonants and liquid vowels are a joy to the ear. The voice evidently was well set and the foundation work carefully done before there was any attempt at pretentious singing. Miss Lewis is now ready for public appearance, and will be watched with interest. The musical journals quote freely the opinions of famous singers, that Americans need not go to Europe for good teaching; the local journals might also point out that Los Angelenos need not leave their own city.

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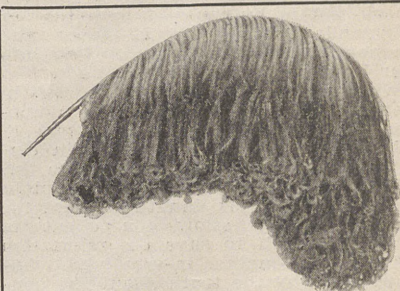
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THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and the Drama than any similar publication on the coast.



Not since Nazimova stirred the theater-going public with her indisputable art, her intense emotional powers, has Los Angeles seen so remarkable an actress as Fernanda Eliscu, whose portrayal of Annie Jeffries in "The Third Degree," the strong play by Charles Klein, which has held sway at the Mason this week, has been a revelation of exceptionally fine work. Like Nazimova, Fernanda Eliscu is a star revolving from the Ghetto, to whose histrionic ability is added that wonderful temperament so often characteristic of the semitic race. She is not beautiful, hardly attractive, in fact, but force, intelligence, purpose, fire and passion—or emotion—have their habitat in this young woman's slender frame, and their combined qualities, when in play, produce results that compel the recognition of a great soul. What "The Third Degree" would be without her talented presence one hesitates to say, but with Eliscu it is a gripping drama that holds the attention through, not even the rather tame final act abating one's interest.

To the uninitiated it should be explained that "The Third Degree" is a term employed in police circles to compel a suspect to confess. In this instance, Howard Jeffries, Jr., the dissipated scion of an old family, who has married a social inferior, but in every other way vastly his superior, is accused of the murder of a man who had refused to lend him money. Young Jeffries is put through the gruelling catechism, and after seven hours of this grind, under hypnotic suggestion, unconsciously administered by the police captain, he "confesses." His young wife refuses to believe him guilty, and how she devotes herself to establishing his innocence makes the play. In his earlier work in the first act, in the interview with Robert Underwood (Francis Bonn), and later, when cross-examined by Captain Clinton, excellently interpreted by Alfred Moore, Ralph Ramsey, to whom is entrusted the part of the younger Jeffries, does capital work, but in the fourth act he fails to measure up to the requirements and is disappointingly commonplace.

To Paul Everton, whose Richard Brewster, the eminent constitutional lawyer who is won over by Annie Jeffries to defend the accused husband, and who secures his acquittal, is due second honors. His effort is dignified, convincing and strongly human, although, it must be confessed, too mellow for a typical Blackstonian. Howard Jeffries, senior, is in the hands of Thomas L. Coleman, who gives a careful portrayal of the conventional millionaire in whose veins tepid water supplants blood. Margaret Drew's work suffers by contrast with that of Fernanda Eliscu, but at times she manages to inject genuine feeling into her lines, notably in the third act.

Constructionally, the play is weak in several places. The father is abnormal—hardly human—the presence of his wife, the son's stepmother, in Underwood's rooms in response to his threat of committing suicide, the night of the shooting, is unnatural; that the lawyer should allow his client to perjure herself to save the reputation of her step-mother-in-law might follow, but why the truth should be concealed from the young husband, who is led to believe his wife had an "affair" with Underwood is unreasonable and unnecessary. However, the medium for Fernanda Eliscu's art is the main thing, and in furnishing this Mr. Klein can be forgiven much. The play is well mounted, and should be enjoyed by every lover of true art, which Miss Eliscu possesses to the ninth degree.

S. T. C.

"Mlle. Mischief" at the Auditorium

There was a time when Corinne's name was one to conjure with, when theater managers could estimate the receipts by the capacity of the house for the entire engagement, but that was many years ago, when Corinne was much, much younger, ungallant as it may seem to make reference so unkind. In the Corinne of today, who is enacting Mlle. Mischief at the Audi-

torium, one may discern a trace of the sprightly little coquette of, ahem, well, twenty-five years ago, but the trace is so surrounded by adipose tissue of a later date that one has to rub his eyes to be sure he is not mistaken. It is sad to reflect that Corinne is not the only one who has acquired a larger girth in the quarter century that has elapsed, but time is remorseless, and



JOSIE HART AT THE GRAND

he plays few favorites. Mlle. Ninon is said to have eluded time, being just as charming at ninety as she was at twenty, but though the story reads well it is provocative of scepticism. Candor compels the statement that Corinne does not successfully emulate the celebrated French woman; she still possesses certain charms, but the coquettish ways assumed in the character of Mlle. Mischief are forced and unconvincing.

This Ma'amselle Mischief of Sydney Rosenfield's adaptation was meant to



BLANCHE HALL, BURBANK

be a fairy-like, willful, dainty miss, too unsophisticated to know that to remain for twenty-four hours in a barracks, impersonating a soldier, was taking big chances with her reputation. The dullest recruit, fresh from the plow, could penetrate Corinne's disguise at a glance; those generous hips on that stocky figure never were intended to be covered by man's apparel, and as the audience is still more discerning, the illusion never gets over the footlights. A little, a very little high kicking and pirouetting must, perforce, suffice the Corinne of today, whose gambolings, alas have to yield to Time's reminders. Drat the old curmudgeon! But if Corinne is less agile, less sylph-like than of yore, she is still



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Prices—Lower Floor, \$1.50, \$1.00; First Balcony, 75c, 50c; Gallery, 25c.
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Don't fail to visit the Famous Heidelberg Cafe.

frivolously inclined, still able to raise the spontaneous laugh and get a hearty hand for her whimsicalities. Her quips and jokes lack the ring, the freshness of youth, it is true, but they will pass muster with the unthinking; and while the latter are guffawing, others who can project their thoughts backward are inclined to weep at the futile exhibition.

It is an extremely hazardous experiment that Corinne has essayed, and if she suffers by inevitable comparison, it is she who has invited it. It is a far cry from "The Merry Widow" to "Mlle.

Mischief"—both of Viennese origin—and yet there are catchy airs in the latter, and several "whistleable" lyrics, notably "I'm Looking for a Sweetheart" and "The Army Corps." There are no voices above mediocrity in the supporting company, but the chorus of either sex is well-trained and in precision of movement, good costuming and youthful appearance adds a veneer of sprightliness to an otherwise lifeless production; the plot is too tenuous to be designated as such; however, it is not a singular fault, all modern operas are now hopeless jumbles.

inabilities. But Corinne! Why not let sleeping dogs lie? Why provoke reminiscent reflections?
S. T. C.

"Society Pilot" at the Burbank
If Oliver Morosco will but find a playwright skilled in epigram and with full knowledge of the high veneer which conceals the real things of life in the circles of the "smart set," his "Society Pilot" will be a better play. As it stands, it is far from uninteresting, because it has the good red blood of human emotions coursing through its veins, but it needs the gentle, less vigorous refinement of "blue blood." The dialogue requires toning and polishing—that invaluable touch of airy frivolousness necessary in the society drama. The play is magnificently staged and well presented, and it is certain that the Burbank audiences enjoy every moment of it. Harry Mestayer makes his role of the German baron the most sincere portrayal of the pro-

ception, and Miss Taylor has gowned Phoebe exquisitely. A feature of the production is the number of beautiful creations worn; attest the gasps on the part of the feminine audience when each new example of the modiste's art makes its appearance.

"Knight for a Day" at the Majestic
With Edward Hume and Grace DeMar working overtime to secure laughs, with a prima donna good looking enough to excuse her lack of voice, and with an acceptable chorus and clever ponies, "A Knight for a Day," at the Majestic, proves itself one of the best musical comedies of the season. The concoction is enlivened by real funnysims, which in the able hands of the two comedians cause a continual gale of merriment to sweep the theater. Miss DeMars' facial expression is good, her make-ups are things of hideous delight, and her singing is grotesquely funny. Edward Hume in



JAMES LACKAYE AND OSBORNE SEARLE AT THE MASON

duction. His accent is perfection, and he carefully refrains from overdoing, although the temptation must be great. The role of Ned Singleton is not an entirely sympathetic one, and Byron Beasley seems aware of the fact. At the crises, the playwrights invariably permit Singleton to lose that good breeding which is his by every right of environment. In the third act, which is good melodrama, they have done their best work. Ned plays the man in good earnest, but this cannot excuse his failure to play the gentleman at other times. David Hartford is an English blackguard without the shadow of an English accent, but looking very much like an English gentleman. John W. Burton and Louise Royce are admirable in their respective characterizations of Bill and Mrs. Mason, and William Yerance does effective and consistent work as the old servant. Lillian Burkhart is a winsome Eleanor Mason, and it is evident that she has made herself a favorite during her engagement. The Phoebe Brundage of Lovell Alice Taylor is a charming con-

ability atones for what he lacks in size, and he and Miss DeMar carry the greater part of the production on their willing shoulders. The songs are tuneful and well mounted—the sort that make you "whistle as you walk out."

"Old Heidelberg" at the Belasco

At the Belasco Theater this week Lewis S. Stone and company present a revival of that always engaging romance, "Old Heidelberg," in which the interest of the theater-going public seems never to wane. Had the play been written expressly for Mr. Stone, the role of Karl Heinrich, prince of Sachsen Karlsburg could not have been better adapted as a vehicle for his subtle understanding and portrayal. In appearance and manner, Mr. Stone gives a perfect interpretation of the part. He depicts the joyousness of his awakened youth and the sadness of a life laden with responsibility and formal pomp in a manner which grips the imagination and heart of his audience.

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



Auditorium--"Theater Beautiful" Fitzgerald Music Company Presents

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For one entire week, commencing Monday, October 25, to 30, inclusive. Matinee and evening each date.

Advance sale of reserved seats began October 15, 9 a. m., at the FITZGERALD MUSIC COMPANY, 523 South Broadway.

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My Wife Return of Miss Blanche Hall

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Belasco Theater

COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 18, 1909

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Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Every Night at 8:15.

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ADE'S Great American Comedy Success

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One of the most enjoyable dramatic treats of the current season. Three hours of rare fun.

NEXT WEEK—Lewis S. Stone and the Belasco Theater Company will give, for the first time in this city, Arnold Daly's recent New York success, "THE REGENERATION." Seats now on sale.

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WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, OCTOBER 17, 1909.

Matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Every Night in the Week at 8:15.

Reappearance of
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Popular Prices—Special Bargain Matinee on Tuesday.

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Saturday, Oct. 16, 2:30, Chutes Park. Sun. A. M., 10:30, Vernon Park. Sun. P. M., 2:30, Chutes Park

October 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, Los Angeles vs. Oakland.

Sun. and Tues. at Vernon Ball Park.

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Ladies Free every day except Saturdays and Sundays.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LECTURE

By Hon. Clarence A. Burdick, C.S., subject, "Christian Science, the Religion of the Bible," Sunday afternoon, October 17, at 3 o'clock. Doors open at 2:15 o'clock. Admission free.

Jefferson Street, One Block
West of Figueroa Street.



Oil stocks continue prime favorites in the local securities market, with Associated the leader. Evidently those behind the present Associated price uplift are determined to lift the stock to the vicinity of 40, before the movement retrogrades. Contrary to usual conditions, the Stewart Oils have a downward trend, while the petroleum rival continues to head the other way.

Just what has come over the Unions, Exchange Alley is not in position to fathom. But that something curious is going on behind the scenes in these several securities is not to be doubted. Insiders profess to be convinced, all indications to the contrary, that the present is an excellent time to acquire Union, Union Provident and United Petroleum, on the theory that when these stocks are low they are a purchase, and when they are bulging in price, they are a sale. Usually this has been the rule; whether the present time is an exception remains to be proved.

Central Oil keeps moving in the right direction, with the stock more firmly held than it has been in years. Central has had a price expansion of about forty per cent in less than three months, and there are indications for better things yet for the stock, so far as the purchasing public is concerned.

Market experts profess to be convinced that New Pennsylvania Petroleum is about due for a substantial rise. The stock recently has been weak, after a bulge from 30 to 80 in less than six weeks, due to the bringing in by the company of a gusher in its Santa Maria field, where its big well has kept up a record of eight hundred barrels a day for more than two months. According to report, the company, when it begins dividend disbursements in a few weeks, will pay out at the rate of two per cent a month, which figure should put the shares to 125 at least.

American Petroleum, the common as well as the preferred, continues firm, with the bonds also in demand, under the company's new finance plan. The Doheny Mexicans are a bit soft.

In the bank list, Southern Trust has registered a rise of \$6 a share since the last report. The increase has been predicted in this column for several weeks, and the one other security of this particular description that is due for a similar good fortune is Central National.

Bonds are not improving in price and the market continues soft.

In the industrial list, the Edisons are firm, with L. A. Home Telephone and U. S. Long Distance steady and in demand. San Diego Home, which at one time recently was heading toward 30, now is going begging around 25.

Money rules somewhat harder since the last report, with the supply not equal to the demand.

Banks and Banking

In line with the city's rapid progress has been the growth of the All Night and Day Bank, which has quarters in the building at the northeast corner of Sixth and Spring streets. Plans are now being made for the improvement of this site with a handsome three-story structure by Mrs. Fannie E. Howe, the owner. They call for a building with a frontage of 89 feet on Sixth street, extending along the alley, intersecting the block for a depth of sixty feet. Eventually, the structure will be extended to the Spring street corner, taking in the site of the All Night and Day Bank, and giving 120 feet frontage on Spring street and 156 on Sixth street. When completed, the bank will occupy the corner, which will be built to allow for much more spacious and commodious quarters.

No comparative figures on the bank clearings were compiled by the California promotion committee this week. The clearings reported are as follows: San Francisco, \$38,505,353; Los Angeles, \$12,034,629; Oakland, \$1,814,612; San Jose, \$658,083; Stockton, \$581,033; Sacramento, \$1,166,103; San Diego, \$920,836, and Fresno, \$646,303.

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district in the sum of \$18,000 were recently sold to the Riverside Savings Bank and Trust Company at a premium of \$1.649. The Riverside bank also bought the bonds of the Summit school district of \$2,500 for a premium of \$89.

Hemet Union high school district will hold an election October 30 to vote bonds in the sum of \$40,000 for use in the building of a new high school structure. The bonds will be of \$5,000 each and will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

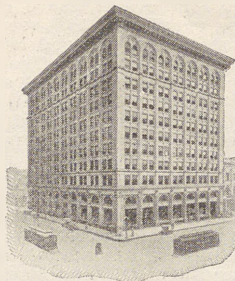
Los Angeles supervisors have accepted the bid of the Southern Trust Company for \$570,000 of the \$720,000 issue of school bonds, the bid of the state board of examiners for \$150,000 of the issue at par, also was accepted.

Supervisors of San Bernardino sold the \$35,000 issue of school bonds to the American Savings Bank of this city for a premium over principal and accrued interest of \$2,631.

Santa Monica citizens are considering the calling of a \$25,000 bond issue for the purchase of an automobile fire engine and auto hose truck.

Miss Florence Foy of San Rafael Heights, who for the last three weeks has been visiting in Sacramento and Oakland, and also at Stanford, where she assisted as bridesmaid for Miss Ethel Hall, will remain in San Francisco until the last of this month, and will attend the Portola festival.

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At the Local Theaters

(Continued From Page Thirteen)

Magrane gives one of the best characterizations of her local career. As Kathie, the plebeian sweetheart of Karl Heinz, she is a lovable, unaffected girl, happy for the time in the affection of the student prince. Her best work is done in the last scene, in the parting with Karl Heinz. Where a loud, emotional interpretation would mar the scene, Miss Magrane displays a fine reserve that is pathetically effective. In the role of Dr. Juttner, James K. Applebee has a splendid opportunity, which he grasps with praiseworthy success. Howard Scott, in the character of Kellerman, is welcomed back into the Belasco forces, and gives a thoroughly appreciative rendering of his role. Richard Vivian does commendable work in the part of Graff Detlev von Asterberg. Frank E. Camp's Lutz, valet to Karl Heinrich, is a clever bit of the play and Ida Lewis presents a pleasing bit of character acting as Frau Dorfel. As usual, the play is excellently mounted.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Heading the Orpheum bill this week is Harrison Armstrong's sensational one-act play, "Circumstantial Evidence." The scene of the sketch is a jury room, where twelve men are assembled to decide the fate of a prisoner held for murder, against whom the evidence has been purely circumstantial. Eleven of the jurors stand for conviction, with the twelfth firm in his stand for acquittal. Poker, jests, petty arguments, singing and similar diversified pastimes are indulged in by the jurymen, each of whom represents a contrasting type. Following the last ballot, upon receipt of a telegram announcing his wife's death, the twelfth jurymen confesses to his associates that he himself is guilty of the murder, of which they have adjudged another guilty. An unexpected denouement gives the little drama added interest. The artistic touch of the sketch centers in the differing personalities of the jurors. "The Billiken Freshman," a plotless skit by Ed Wynn and Al Lee is one of the best features of the new bill. Plot is a non-essential requisite with regard to this team's ability to entertain. Mr. Lee, as the sophomore with the big bow tie, the initial embroidered socks, the high water trousers and the "hats" is a whole show in himself, and Mr. Wynn, his partner, is an admirable foil. The finale of their act is weakened by the singing of a witless song. Rosa Crouch and George Welch, "that lively pair," do a song and dance turn which wins favor with the audience. Charles Montrell, with the aid of a black-faced assistant, presents a juggling act which takes in the greater essentials of a culinary department. "At the Country Club," a high class musical sketch, is the principal of the holdovers. Others are "The Arlington Four," Dick Gardner and Anna Revere, and Sig Luciano Luuca and his two voices.

Offerings Next Week

"One solid year in New York" is a familiar slogan of the theatrical managers who send a play on the road. As a rule, it indicates anything from an engagement of one week in New York City in a semi-urban playhouse, to a run of six months in the height of the season. But "A Gentleman From Mississippi," which comes to the Mason Opera House next week, is one of the few that have actually drawn crowds for an entire year. This comedy of Washington life is the joint work of Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise, and is the story of the adventures of a voracious and newly-elected senator. The company which will present the play will include James Lackaye, Miss Virginia Pearson, Fletcher Harvey, Osborne Searle, Hal DeForrest, Fred Adams, Miss Olive Harper, Miss Minnette Barrett and a number of others. "In Dreamland" is the title of a three-act dramatic fantasy that will begin an engagement at the Majestic Theater Sunday night, October 17, and remain for a week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. It is from the pen of Emmet Devoy, who used a tabloid version of it for a season in vaudeville. The story is of a young bene-dict who, after a quarrel with his wife,

dreams a fantastic adventure dealing with the daughter of Venus, Mephisto and other spirits. During the action weird effects are brought about by electrical apparatus, which are said to be triumphs of skill. Mr. Devoy, the star, will be supported by Miss Natalie Jerome, William Hurst, Emily Anderson, Hermione Stone, L. B. Carleton, Mrs. Joe Robinson Haywood, Miss Eva Randolph, Perry Spere, Jane Wilbury, Joseph Fisher and Thomas Erroll.

For the week of Miss Blanche Hall's return to the Burbank from her vacation visit to Honolulu, Manager Oliver Morosco announces a presentation of "My Wife," with matinees Sunday and Saturday. Miss Hall will be seen in the role formerly played by Billie Burke, and Byron Beasley again will assume the John Drew role of Gerald Eversleigh. The amusing little comedy was given an excellent production by this company last year, and as the cast is almost the same, a repetition of the success is assured. In addition to Mr. Beasley and Miss Hall, will appear Harry Mestayer, Willis Marks, Henry Stockbridge, David Hartford, William Yerance, Frederick Gilbert, John Burton, Wayland Trask, Gavin Young, Louise Royce, Lovell Alice Taylor, Margo Duffet, Marie Dunkle and Maud Hanaford.

Lewis S. Stone and the Belasco company will next week make use of George Ade's successful American comedy drama, "The County Chairman," with Mr. Stone in the role of Jim Hackler, the central figure of the play. Howard Scott will be seen in the role of Sassafras Livingston, a dandy aptly described by Mr. Ade as "a touch of local color." Mr. Giblyn, Mr. Camp, Mr. Ruggles, Mr. Vivian, and other men of the Belasco company will find especially good roles, while Thais Magrane, Adele Farrington and Ida Lewis will contribute to the feminine charm. The production of "The County Chairman" will serve to introduce Miss Beth Foley, the new ingenue of the Belasco company. Miss Foley is a beautiful young actress who comes with the prestige of four seasons of successful engagements in the east. After "The County Chairman," the Belasco company will present for the first time in the west, Arnold Daly's recent success, "The Regeneration."

Corinne, the star of "Mademoiselle Mischief," which opens its second week at the Auditorium Monday night, was traveling in Austria during the popularity of the operetta, and the part of the artist's model appealed so strongly to her that she tried to secure the rights. When the Shuberts procured it, they had models made of the scenery in the original and duplicated the production for the American presentation. Supporting Corinne this year are W. P. Carleton, the well-known tenor; Paul L. Warren, Kittie Baldwin, Charles Meyer, Jessie Leseur, Edward Cutler, Frank Lavarrie, Alice Chase, Fred Connell, Frank Farrington, Frederick le Doux, Jack Stockway, Harold Robe, Ethel Rose, Bonnie Farley and Louise Brunnelle.

Sunday afternoon Ferris Hartman and his company will reoccupy their old Grand Opera House. Since they left the Grand the company has visited every city along the coast and has played long engagements in Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Oakland, from which point they come direct to Los Angeles. "The Yankee Consul" is the vehicle that proved so great a magnet for Raymond Hitchcock, and contains many tuneful song numbers as well as good comedy. Mr. Hartman will have the part of Abijah Booze, the Yankee Consul, Josie Hart will play the San Domingo widow, Donna Teresa, and Josephine Islieb, the new prima donna, will enact the role of Bonita, the donna's daughter. Oscar Walch, whose good work is a pleasant memory, will be the dashing American captain, and Walter Leon, as Leopoldo, the revolutionist, will make violent love to "Muggins" Davies, the Dresden china soubrette. Performances will be given every evening, with matinees Sunday, Tuesday and Saturday, the Tuesday matinee being given at special bargain prices. Following "The Yankee Consul," Ferris Hartman will produce "The Sultan of Sulu."

Rosario Guerrero, Spanish dancer and pantomimist, with the assistance of Sig. L. Paglieri, will offer a complete drama in pantomime as the head-

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liner on the Orpheum bill for next week. The sketch is entitled "The Rose and the Dagger," and depicts a dramatic scene in which a dancing girl takes refuge in the hut of a bandit, who gives her unwilling shelter from the storm. She displays valuable jewels and the bandit attacks her with his dagger. She charms him with her dancing, obtains the weapon and stabs him to death. In striking contrast to this scene is the turn of those well-known comedians, Murray and Mack, who will be seen in "A Harlem Argument." Comment on Murray and Mack is unnecessary. Tom Waters, "Mayor of Laughland," is another local favorite, and has a series of piano-logues, with a patter of wit, song and mimicry. Spaulding and Riego have an entirely new and sensational trapeze act, coupled with a line of comedy. Remaining for another week are "Circumstantial Evidence," Wynn and Lee, Crouch and Welch, and Charles Montrell.

Asides

John Philip Sousa, composer and conductor, will appear with his famous band at Temple Auditorium (Theater Beautiful) for twelve concerts, beginning October 25. Principal among the latest compositions which he offers are a march called "The Fairest of the Fair," and a new characteristic suite, "People Who Live in Glass Houses." The new works are said to embrace all the tuneful harmony and inspiring activity that have made his productions popular and famous. The Misses Frances and Grace Hoyt, vocalists, and Miss Florence Hardeman, violinist, are newcomers, but great things are promised for them. Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist, is always with Sousa. The organization comes under the auspices of the Fitzgerald Music Company. Seat sale began Friday, October 15, at 523 South Broadway.

Emmet Devoy, author and star of "In Dreamland," tells a funny story which he says is true—and as he isn't a press agent perhaps he may be believed. Last summer, while in the west of England, Mr. Devoy attended a church where the old verger, or usher, as he is termed in this country, would take his stand in the center of the church and when incomers appeared, beckon to them and point out a seat. The boys of the neighborhood were wont to mock the peculiar gestures he employed, much to the old man's anger. One Sunday morning, the verger nearly caught one impudent youngster, but the lad escaped from him only to run into the arms of a policeman. To the inquiries of the "bobby" he slyly replied that there was a disturbance in the church and they needed an officer. The policeman immediately entered the edifice, and, of course, the verger beckoned to him and pointed out a seat next to Mr. Devoy.

The bluecoat touched Mr. Devoy on the shoulder and said, "Come quietly." Naturally, an argument ensued, but, to prevent a disturbance, Mr. Devoy accompanied the officer from the church, the verger following them. Outside, the policeman turned to the old man, exclaiming, "Now, then, you've got to make your charge." "Charge," said the verger; "there ain't no charge; them seats are free!"

There's a certain young matinee idol in town who amazed his adorners this week by appearing on the stage with a closely curled crop of ringlets wandering over a head which formerly could boast only straight locks. He certainly doesn't wear a wig, and he hasn't been using a patent "curline," so the fact that in his make-up box reposes a spirit lamp and a dainty pair of curling irons looks suspicious. He swears these articles are only "souvenirs," but he doesn't attempt to explain that bewildering, bewitching, alluring mass of taffy-colored tendrils which nestle lovingly against his alabaster brow.

After five unbroken years of service as private secretary to John Handsome Blackwood, Miss Jessie Booth, better known as "Jessie, the Beautiful Typewriter," has secured a two weeks' leave of absence. Who will comfort the doughty Captain Jones when he suffers writer's cramp from signing checks, and who will prevent onslaughts on John Blackwood's wonderful hats while Jessie is gone has not been determined. It is known, however, that both the Captain and J. Handsome are offering prayers that the ship which carries Jessie to San Francisco will not founder.

"The Dollar Mark," the George Broadhurst drama for which great things were expected, failed to win approval in New York, and has been taken off the boards. Yet the success of the play in critical Los Angeles was undoubted, and broke all records for drawing S. R. O. crowds to the Belasco Theater. One reason for its failure is that drama of its type has been overworked. Popular novels and popular plays without number, dealing with the great financial problem of America, have surfeited the public—especially that of New York—until it is crying for something new. Another reason is that—judging from the cast—the company did not possess sufficient ability to carry off the situations.





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